

THE CHARACTER OF THE GOVERNMENT

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Events of the Week.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has formed his new Government. At least the "Times" of Monday contains a preliminary list of 77 names, but doubtless there are more to follow. Its structure appears to be a compromise between the bygone needs of war and the coming demands of peace. The War Cabinet is merely continued, and there is no definite redistribution of services, or return to the proper association between Parliament and the heads of the working Executive. Nor does the *personnel* of the administration supply the clue to its policy. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the new Chancellor, is the leader of the Protectionists. But he is a moderate man, and there is still a small band of Liberal Ministers, none of them, however, in "key" positions. It is equally doubtful whether the Government is Conscriptionist or Anti-Conscriptionist. Mr. Churchill goes to the War Office, and he, we imagine, is, or was, for Conscription. But it is vaguely proclaimed that the post-war Army is to be recruited on the voluntary system. Generally the Government has two characteristics. Its Toryism is pervasive, and is of the old rather than of the progressive type. No Tory democrat is included. And it is more markedly a Government of Profiteers than any previous British Administration. The presence of the "big business" element is conspicuous in most of the departments that have to do with Labor. The new Labor Minister himself, Sir Robert Horne, is a Scottish Conservative, having only a restricted departmental knowledge of his job. A little lacking in weight in some Departments, the Government possesses, in the person of Sir F. E. Smith, a *vir pietate gravis* for the Lord Chancellorship.

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IRELAND is given over completely to militarism and reaction. Mr. Shortt, who opposed Lord French and would have released the Sinn Fein leaders and Members of Parliament imprisoned without trial, is himself released, and rewarded or punished with the Home Office. His successor is Mr. Macpherson, who did well as a gramophone of the War Office, and is now promoted to a place in Lord French's household. Time would fail to tell of Dr. Addison, transferred from Reconstruction to Local Government, and of Lord Milner, who, as

Colonial Secretary, is restored to the companionship of General Botha, after the interval of Vereeniging. But we can cordially congratulate the Prime Minister on the choice of Sir S. P. Sinha, one of the most brilliant of Bengalee statesmen, as Under-Secretary for India. Sir S. P. Sinha will represent his great department in the House of Lords. We think we should have preferred to see Mr. Montagu in the House of Lords and Sir S. P. Sinha in the House of Commons. But the one touch of imagination in a prosaic Government is not to be denied, and we are unfeignedly glad to see India coming at last to her own.

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THE Inter-Allied Council which has to prepare the way for the Peace Conference, has begun to sit at the Quai d'Orsay, and to arrange the proceedings for the Conference. This has proved a matter of some difficulty. Each delegation is to be a unit, so that the number of delegates has no bearing on voting power, but merely adds to the strength (and length) of the statement of a national case. Nevertheless there has been an objection to the very large British representation of fourteen, due to the inclusion of the Dominions and of India, and to such incidental curiosities as the admission of three delegates from Brazil and only one from Belgium. The United States, France, Italy, and Japan will have five delegates apiece. More important is the quality of the representation, in which France, with MM. Clemenceau, Pichon, Tardieu, and Klotz, stands first so far as a detailed knowledge of foreign policy is concerned, with Italy a good second. Our delegation is comparatively weak. So far as we can gather Mr. Barnes is the only representative of Labor yet appointed, and he is not really representative at all. The question of publication appears to remain with the Conference. The French desire secrecy, the Americans publicity. At first the party of secrecy seemed to have conquered. But the Press have had an indignation meeting, and free America seems again to have saved the situation.

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PROGRESSIVE opinion in this country has been surprised and relieved to learn, from a French source, that the British Government is not only opposed to further intervention in Russia, but even desires to arrange peace promptly. "L'Humanité" discloses the fact that a British Note was sent to the Allied Great Powers, as it says, early in December, but in fact almost certainly early in January, proposing that the civil war in Russia should cease under a truce for the period of the Conference, and that the various Russian Governments, including the Soviet Government, should be represented at the Conference. To this M. Pichon returned a flat refusal, couched in the usual flamboyant language, under date December [January?] 5th. The substance of it is that there must be "no compounding with crime." After this disclosure, news from French sources assumed that French opposition had been decisive, and even had the hardihood to assert that Mr. Lloyd George himself approved the French reply. The "Echo de Paris" now contradicts this statement: he adheres to the view of

the British Note. So almost certainly does America, if we may judge from the comments of the Wilsonian "World." Japan was always against intervention and is withdrawing her troops. The question in short is still open, and there is still room to hope that in some shape the British proposal may be carried out.

THREE facts make the adoption of the new British policy almost imperative. First, the recent mutinies in our Army make it clear that troops who have gone through the war cannot be sent to Russia: military intervention on a large scale is impossible. Can the anti-Bolshevik forces win unaided? In spite of counter-revolutionary victory at Perm, which had dealt a heavy blow to the Bolsheviks, they are winning generally in the West, and may soon recover the Ukraine. Secondly, the evidence goes to show that the attacks of the purely reactionary and monarchist forces under Koltchak and Denikin, with foreign backing, have now brought about a rally of Socialist Russia to Lenin's Government. The Left Social Revolutionaries have returned to the fold. The Right Social Revolutionaries have publicly declared against Allied intervention. The Menshevik Social Democrats have re-entered the Soviet Congress. The Co-operative Societies, formerly neutral, have decided at a Congress to support the Soviets. In short, the issue is now plainly between Socialists of all shades (who formed 95 per cent. of the old Constituent Assembly) in one camp, and the Monarchist reaction in the other. Intervention means therefore backing the Tsardom against the people of Russia. Finally, it is clear that if we starve Russia from the East her answer will be to break through on the West (in the Baltic Provinces, Poland, the Ukraine), and the anarchy will spread to Central Europe.

PRESIDENT WILSON has at last brought the Allies to understand that starvation means revolution. The revised armistice terms imposed on Germany, though in some respects they mean a further turning of the screw, do mean primarily that she will soon be allowed to procure food. Her mercantile marine is to be placed under Allied control—i.e., pooled, as all shipping is. This will make it easier to feed the liberated territories, and will also enable food to be sent to Germany. There is no doubt that her need of fats is acute, and that of other foods her meagre stocks will last only for a few weeks. The still more serious needs of Austria have already been met, and Mr. Hoover is able to announce that arrangements have now been made for supplies up to next harvest. The Swiss Government made no less than seventeen appeals on behalf of starving Austria before relief was actually sent. President Wilson has had to meet opposition in Washington as well as in Paris. Congress first refused Mr. Hoover's request for a credit of twenty millions, but yielded to an urgent telegram from Mr. Wilson himself, in which he argued that Bolshevism cannot be fought with force, but can be fought with food.

EVERWHERE the minor Allies are "jumping claims" and publicly announcing the authority of the "Entente" for doing so. Thus M. Paderewski verbally annexes Danzig and the Tchechs actually occupy German Bohemia. The Serbian Government in a circular on Macedonia naively announces that "President Wilson's principles apply only to enemy territory." The Serbian Legation similarly announces that Scutari and the rest of North Albania is an integral part of the Serbian State. In Koritsa, the key-town of South Albania with an undoubtedly Albanian population, the French have

installed a Greek administration. None the less both Scutaria and Koritsa were included in the Albanian State, declared in 1912 to be inviolably neutral under the guarantee of the Concert. The racial question in Koritsa was investigated on the spot by an International Commission in 1913, which assigned it to Albania. Without it Albania can hardly live. All over Europe this policy of backing the extremest claims of all the smaller Allies, in order to make a cohort of dependent satellites, promises the creation of a new militarism, resting on a territorial basis as faulty as that of 1914.

THE way does not appear yet to have been made smooth for the forthcoming International Labour Conference, and its opening has had to be postponed for the present. Mr. Henderson, however, is now in Paris endeavoring to make the final arrangements with M. Vandervelde, M. Huysmans, and M. Albert Thomas. Probably a preliminary meeting of the International Socialist Bureau will be held at once, and it is hoped that the meeting will be able to make final arrangements for the full conference, which is likely to be held at Berne rather than Lausanne. There are, however, further difficulties in the way. Preparations are on foot for a purely Trade Union Conference called by the Dutch, and, while the British Trades Union Congress adheres to the Lausanne project, the much smaller and far less representative General Federation of Trade Unions has appointed delegates to the purely Trade Union Conference. Mr. Gompers, on behalf of the American Federation of Labor, repudiates both projects, and announces his intention of calling a separate Conference of his own. The Lausanne project, however, holds the field, and it is to be hoped that this week's conversations in Paris have cleared the way for its speedy meeting. It will have troubles enough to deal with when it does meet, both in deciding what groups are to be taken as representing Germany and Russia, and in pressing its point of view upon the official Peace Conference, as well as in securing the enactment or acceptance, in one form or another, of its proposed international Labor charter.

THE Government's agricultural policy seems about to be subjected to a somewhat severe test. We are informed that it proposes to establish small holdings for ex-soldiers who desire to settle on the land. The promising idea of farm colonies is abandoned. All that will be done will be to acquire land for suitable holdings in the neighbourhood of the settlers' homes. This is a local plan, and its execution will necessarily be in the hands of the County Councils, and they have never established small holdings on a sufficient or satisfactory scale, and never will. However, the landlords' interest in the transaction seems to have been sufficiently looked after by the proposal to give the owners annuities, which the Government will have the power to redeem. This does not satisfy Lord Lee of Fareham. Lord Lee demands a pledge from his late chief to give the owner full market value for his land, and, if desired, payment in cash. Thus the landlords (who have an overwhelming majority of votes in both Houses of Mr. George's Parliament) already advertise their rejection of the annuity plan, and their demand for compensation on the scale of values which Mr. George's subsidy (*alias* the Corn Production Act) has established. This is a little awkward for the author of the great Budget. But what did he expect?

FOR the moment the Spartacus rebellion seems to be crushed in Berlin. The Government's regular troops

arrived in large numbers on Saturday, behaved steadily, and on that day and on Sunday gradually carried one rebel stronghold after another. The casualties may have been about 600 killed; the Russian Bolshevik Radek is a prisoner, and the Spartacus leaders are fugitives. The immediate object of the rebellion was no doubt to make anarchy which would frustrate the National Assembly elections on Sunday. How far order can be ensured in the provinces on the polling day no one can yet tell. The larger object was, of course, to prevent the creation of a stable and conventionally democratic government. The Majority Socialists hope that if they can do that, the Entente will grant reasonable terms of peace and allow Germany to live. Spartacus people scoff at that hope, and build on a general European revolution. No doubt, they admit, the Entente will intervene to crush anarchy, but in that case the revolution will spread to their own discontented troops. The calculation is rational only if the premise be granted that a just and reasonable peace is beyond hope.

* * *

THE first elections under P.R. and universal suffrage are now taking place in the various German Federal States, though the general National Assembly election is not due till Sunday. The voting shows the balanced results which were to be expected from the proportional principle. The Socialist majority has everywhere done well, but so, in Catholic regions, has the Centre, while the new German Democratic Party is doing astonishingly well everywhere. The future lies clearly with these three. The Right is doing badly, and the Independent Socialists worst of all. In Bavaria the figures are: Centre 54, Majority Socialists 50, Democrats 22, Peasants 18, National Liberals 7, Independents 4. In Württemberg we find 52 Majority Socialists, 38 Democrats, 31 Centrists, 25 Right "Block," and 4 Independents. The Baden result was rather better for the Left Parties, while Brunswick showed a heavy Socialist poll for both parties.

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As one would expect, the North will be strongly Socialist, the South much more evenly balanced. It seems likely that the result of Sunday's poll will be a National Assembly in which the Majority Socialists will be the strongest party, but will have to make a coalition with the Democrats. This latter party has put up a very distinguished list of candidates, including many well-known professors, progressive Bürgermeisters, and leaders of various social reform movements. The list system ensures the return of the best of its candidates, where its vote will not return them all. It stands much further to the Left than the old Radicals, whose more conservative members have joined the National Liberals. Its programme is near enough to Evolutionary Socialism to make a coalition possible.

* * *

THE Polish situation is still as obscure as ever. The idea of solving it by force has apparently miscarried. Though we were told that America was going to send an Army Corps, and that Danzig and the Vistula line would be occupied, the announcement was happily false. The French Government stubbornly refuses to recognize any but the Dmowski-Paderewski Party, whose programme is indefinite Imperialism at the expense of Germans, Lithuanians, and Ruthenians, anti-Semitism, and defence of landlord interests. The Pilsudski Government, on the other hand, a Socialist-Liberal coalition, is more moderate in its territorial aims, and has a democratic policy.

* * *

THE case of the National Factories develops. Of the three complete and thoroughly equipped

National Aircraft Factories one has been sold to a private firm, and the other two have been finally closed down and dismantled. Why this haste to go out of business and increase the dislocation of industry? One thing the public wants to know about the National Factories is, who is responsible for the policy of abandonment. The Labor Party has been endeavoring to get a deputation to the responsible department. It has tried the Ministry of Munitions, the Ministry of Labor, the Air Ministry, the Director of Aircraft Production, the Demobilization Department, Mr. BARNES, and Sir Eric Geddes; but every one of these authorities seems to have referred them to somebody else—generally to one of the others.

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"It is not quite clear," writes a well-informed correspondent, "what the correspondents mean by their statement that 'L'Humanité' 'fathered' upon Mr. Lloyd George a policy officially proposed by the British Government, unless they mean to imply that its real father was Mr. Wilson. Apparently they no longer contest the accuracy of the text of M. Pichon's Note as published by 'L'Humanité,' although in the 'Times' of Monday they made the strange statement that that text was not 'by any means accurate in its reproduction of what might be called the atmospheric phraseology of the document,' and even went so far as to speak of 'falsifications in the date and text.' In fact, the 'Temps,' in its foreign leader on Saturday (the semi-official character of which is well-known), said: 'Le texte de ce document paraît exact,' which means that it is exact. The 'Temps' is evidently not acquainted with 'atmospheric phraseology.' The decision of the French Government to send a mission to Moscow is the most significant symptom of a return to reason. The object of the mission is announced to be the repatriation of French citizens detained by the Soviet Government. But even that involves negotiations, which are likely to go further. If Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson act together in the matter and stand firm, they will get their way."

* * *

HOWEVER difficult our returning soldiers may find it to share in the wealth of the country whose future they assured, it appears to be no problem to the interests which control the Government. During the war a steamer—we give an actual instance—that was sold for "breaking-up" for £10,000 before the war, changed hands for £70,000. The rates of freight explain that. Shipping tonnage, as we have learned, measures our food supply, and freights measure to a great extent the cost of it. A national scheme for building "standard ships" was a means for surmounting, not only the submarine peril, but—as was hoped—of regulating, with Government tonnage, the exploitation of the public by shipowners (and the bulk of British tonnage is in very few hands) after the war. Now it appears that Lord Inchcape and Sir Owen Philipps have removed that danger to shipowners. They have bought up the 137 Government steamers now under construction. The transaction is said to involve twenty millions sterling. It has been done, it is asserted, in the way of kindness, and the ships will be sold, without profit, to anyone who likes to buy them. This has relieved the public "from a serious position," as the "Times" puts it, and goes on to add, naïvely or cynically, that "the present offer, coupled with the announcement of the Shipping Controller respecting the forthcoming release of tonnage from requisition, should completely remove all doubts as to the attitude of the Government towards the future management of shipping." It certainly does. The Shipping Controller, we need not point out, is also a shipowner.

Politics and Affairs.

THE CHARACTER OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE character of the new Government may, we think, be judged by a simple test. Setting aside foreign affairs, there are three subjects which promise trouble for any British Administration. The first is the relations of Capital and Labor. The second is Ireland. The third is Demobilization. How does the Prime Minister face them?

He begins with an over-representation of Capital and with no representation at all (in the accredited political sense) of Labor. He meets the second problem by removing the drag which Mr. Shortt applied to the militarism of Lord French. He encounters the third with Mr. Churchill, coming up, as usual, for the third time and being rescued before final immersion. Take the Labor question. Six Departments of State—the Board of Trade, the Ministry of Shipping, the new Ministry of Supply, the new Ministry of Communications, the Ministry of Reconstruction, and the Ministry of Labor itself—are directly concerned with it. All are manned, or will be manned, by capitalists, or by men whose association and opinions are those of the capitalist class. Sir Albert Stanley, of the Board of Trade, made his money by directing railways, Sir Joseph Maclay, the Minister of Shipping, and Mr. Andrew Weir, the Minister of Supply, by owning ships. The Minister of Labor himself is a Conservative lawyer. The business of agriculture absorbs more labor than any other British industry. It is manned by two gentlemen whose experience and devotion have been given not to labor but to landlordism. We know of no British Government within the period of the great industry so captured by the power of ownership, profit, and investment. It is true that a Labor man flits here and there, like a ghost through the maze. Not one appears either as a representative of the Labor Party or in a position yielding him control of policy in any department in which the great problems of industrial management and the direction of the industrial product come into play.

Come to Ireland. It is in complete revolt. Never since '98 were the two countries so far apart. Even the formal link of Parliamentary representation has been broken; all that can be said is that the tie can be reknit because it is not in the interest of either party absolutely to sever it. But Mr. George seems not to mind; he treats the case with a gesture of mere carelessness. When Mr. Shortt left office he was engaged in an attempt to secure the release from gaol of the political leaders of the Irish people. The enterprise was important, and in the light of it it is as difficult to deny some political character to Mr. Shortt as it is to ascribe it to his successor. Mr. Macpherson was the mouthpiece of the War Office during a period when it did not choose to be candid with Parliament, and was not always in a position to tell it the truth had it had the mind. Sometimes he spoke by the card, sometimes he did not. He wears the suit of Mr. Pliable; there are scores of politicians who show that fashionable livery. What is his precise application to the state of Ireland? He is, we suppose, a Home Ruler in the Castle in the same sense in which he was a Liberal at the War Office. The mask is on politics; political names are used to hide the spiritual quality of the men who wear them. All that we see—all that the nation sees—is that the most desperately serious issue in British Government is committed to a soldier and an ex-official of the War Office, and is thus wrested from its place as a prime concern of

our statesmanship. Ireland has her tragic seriousness, with its impossible political goal; cherishing all the while, we imagine, a mind not entirely set against a good compromise if it were offered her. She is given Mr. Macpherson. She is also given Sir F. E. Smith. Of the Lord Chancellor's career Nationalist Ireland knows only one episode. She knows him as the lieutenant of Sir Edward Carson in an act of armed rebellion against the Crown. The rising in Ulster was meant to stop Home Rule, and did stop it. While to us, therefore, his elevation to the greatest law office in Great Britain marks the crown of an audacious career, to Ireland it sets the seal of violence on the spirit of British rule. It was force against force. Our force triumphed; hers in turn revolts and protests and, with the witness of Sir F. E. Smith's appointment in her hands, appeals to the world's conscience to say whether she lacks justification.

Take Demobilization. We will not make Mr. Churchill's task worse than it is. No politician ever set out on a difficult road with a heavier load of distrust. He has one problem of organization to face and one of policy. He has to get the army home as quickly as possible and to concert with Sir Eric Geddes a plan for getting it back into industry. Demobilization has now been reduced to a plan of retaining an army of occupation consisting in the main of short-service men, on better pay and what is described as "a high standard of discipline." The experiment is bad for the re-settlement of industry. But it will be accepted as being in the main inevitable, provided the discipline which sustains it is not only "high," but human and rational. For it is "discipline" that makes the life of thousands of soldiers intolerable. The King's Regulations are out of date. They come from a period of low wages and social tyranny, and they have never been thoroughly revised and adapted to the modern spirit, least of all to a citizen army. Yet, during the war, they were half-consciously assimilated to the Prussian system the men were engaged to destroy. Neither the French Army, nor the levies of the Dominions, would have endured the rule of the sergeant, the system of pipeclay, of soul-less and senseless routine, to which somehow or another the loyalty and good humor of the British soldier submit.* If Mr. Churchill retains this system, or allows it to govern the management of the dissolving armies during the period of demobilization, he will add gravely to the troubles of his chief and his Government. But he will still have left a vacant spot in the circle of error. Will he decide for Conscription? We hope not. If Mr. Churchill's many gifts were based on common-sense, we should add, we think not. His decision and that of the Prime Minister fix the fate of England.

These are the mixed problems of personality and policy which this strange, formless, almost interminable administration presents. But what is its principle?

* See a remarkable little book entitled "The Diary of a Dead Officer" (Allan & Unwin), which we commend to Mr. Churchill's reading. It is a story of moral torture. Here is one quotation from a lecture by a C.O., "The Germans, though we sneered at them at the time, were now proved to have perfected the system of training men in a short time. We must copy the Prussian method. What we most aim at was, as he had said, the discipline of the Germans." Or take this description of a special drill, for the purpose of teaching the soldier how to tuck his stick under his arm:—

"We practised in two movements:—

1. Put the stick under left arm;
2. Cut the right hand away; then
 1. Seize stick on the under-side;
 2. Bring it smartly down to the side.

We were then marched up and down the road saluting by numbers imaginary officers, thus:—

1. Stick under arm;
2. Hand away;
 - 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Put hand up;
 6. Hand down;
 1. Hand up to stick again;
 2. Hand and stick away."

It is a mere bureaucracy. The War Cabinet remains. The historic connection between Parliament and the heads of the chief administrative departments is not restored. Liberal Old Gangism has gone; but Old Toryism holds on to the chief seats of honor and power, and Tory democracy, which contains two or three men of fine temper and sympathetic character, is shut out. The idea of correlating the departments and assigning their work on the basis of service, rather than of ministering to classes or persons, is barely foreshadowed in the new Ministries of Supply and Communications. But on the whole the confusion of overlapping departments remains.

Has then the Government no constructive principle? The "Manchester Guardian" opens its friendly columns to the view that it has not, that Mr. George made it only to unmake it, and that his real design is to form a "National Party" out of such elements as may be attracted to a not particularly novel conception. The disclosure is no compliment to Mr. George's colleagues. Why, if they are to be ended so soon, were they ever begun? And what does Mr. George want in their stead? He has Tories, he has "Liberals," he has even something that may be labelled a Labor man. He has all the politicians he would have, or who would have him, and there are no more parties to be—taken in. Is it that the Prime Minister recognizes that the finer elements in politics have escaped him; that you cannot use the meaner arts of government to expel or cripple experience, skill, honesty, idealism, and then expect to find in your Government a stand-by in an hour of trial? The Parliament is weak, the Government is weak, the whole administrative and representative structure is weak. But this is only, or chiefly, because Mr. George is unable to go where strength is.

WORLD-POWER AND WORLD-PARLIAMENT.

WE welcome the publication of General Smuts's very able Memorandum on the League of Nations. It deserves the widest circulation in this country, and we hope there will be no delay in issuing it also in French and German. There are, broadly, two schools of thought about the League. One of them supposed that States could be left in all their old egoistic isolation, sovereign and unchanged, and then linked up by the thin external tie of a treaty of arbitration and conciliation. That juridical school produced an uninspiring and unorganic scheme. General Smuts has realized that the organization which is to enforce peace must aim at something much larger. It must face the transformation of our whole international life, and aim at something which, however incomplete, is still a working system of world-government. Lawyer, soldier, and politician, by turns the leader of a little nationality and an Imperial statesman, General Smuts has brought a ripe experience to the advocacy of this conception. How far it is that of the War Cabinet, how far the Cabinet has a conception, we do not know. Certainly it is the conception which is winning its way in debate in this country, in France (much more slowly), in America.

For our part, we lay much more emphasis than does General Smuts on the economic side of the League. He hardly seems to realize that an organization which controls the world's food and raw materials will be by that reason alone, all powerful. The Providence to which all the earth looks for its daily bread will be either the most beneficent or the most tyrannical power on our planet. It can have no more important function. Here, we think,

Mr. Wilson and Lord Robert Cecil have both seen further. The omission of any treatment of the question of tariffs and trade discrimination is strange and regrettable, and even more unfortunate is it that, while disarmament on land is fully discussed, disarmament at sea is not even mentioned. The comments, spoken or unspoken, of the Continental reader on these omissions may be imagined. The League cannot be built without some sacrifices to the common good. If we are unprepared for Mr. Wilson's "equality of trading conditions" (*i.e.*, not necessarily Free Trade, but the absence of discrimination in tariffs), the League will start ill, if at all. If we refuse any proportionate reduction of naval armaments, we shall cut a ludicrous figure when we call on the Continent to disarm.

In a single phrase, however, General Smuts does seem to contemplate our possible adoption of the American reading of the Freedom of the Seas. These omissions, with the over-weighted emphasis on the uses of the League in sanctioning the assumption of new Imperial tasks, are serious flaws in the Memorandum. We realise that in the actual State of the world, the Allies will certainly have to take over as "mandatories" and "trustees" the administration of some disturbed, derelict, or immature areas. They will do well, however, to make as much as possible of American co-operation, and we think that some neutrals, like Sweden or Norway, might also perform some of these tasks. The conditions which ensure disinterested trusteeship require more drastic definition. Some of these areas, like the mine-fields of Siberia and the oil-wells of Mesopotamia, are fabulously profitable. The profits ought not to go to British concessionaires. They ought to go to repair the world's havoc. There will be a big "unearned increment" from all the blood and bravery that have gone to make international government possible. It ought to go to pay for the restoration of which the world stands in need, and not to the companies which extract the ore and sink the wells. An international super-tax might well be imposed in "trustee" areas on these ventures.

The great positive value of General Smuts's essay lies in the boldness with which he has attempted to sketch the machinery of International Government. He confines himself to its two chief organs—the Executive and the Legislature. The former consists of the Premiers or Foreign Secretaries of the five Great Powers (among which he wisely and rightly includes Germany, "as soon as she has a stable democratic Government"), together with four other members taken by rotation from two panels comprising respectively the middle-sized and smaller states. To a minority of three he allows the power of veto. Clearly the Council must not be large; the little states must not be able to outvote the greater: there must be some check on the autocracy of some or all of the Great Powers, which obviously might easily form an inner ring of the League. General Smuts's solution does satisfy these conditions. We doubt, however, whether the rotation system would work. What comfort would it be to Russia to know that Turkey was sitting on the Council, or to Serbia to see a Bulgarian Premier there? Some more natural grouping is required, and might enable a Latin American, a Scandinavian, a West-Slav, and an East-Slav member to sit permanently. A slightly larger Council would diminish the risks of a domineering coalition on the one hand, and an obstructive veto on the other. We are very doubtful, moreover, of the wisdom of eliminating the Special Conciliation Council, which figures so prominently in the standard Bryce and Taft schemes. The idea of this Conciliation

Council was that it should furnish for the broad non-justiciable disputes, a committee neither legal nor diplomatic, which might make a recommendation uninfluenced by the special interests and considerations of power-politics and party-politics by which a Council of Premiers or Ministers would be bound. For executive action we need a committee of Governments. For the rendering of an instructed verdict on disputes incapable of juridical decision, we need minds freed from the immediate weight of ministerial responsibility. Put Mr. Balfour, while he holds office, on such a Council and he must act for his Government, thinking, it may be, of the next election, or of the opinion of naval and military as well as diplomatic advisers. Put Sir Edward Grey or Lord Robert Cecil, when out of office, on such a Council, and they may be able to vote on the merits of the question and not merely on the interests of the British Empire. A standing Conciliation Council, which would report to the League's Executive, is, we think, a necessity, and its members ought to be chosen preferably by Parliaments and not by Cabinets.

Our chief objection to this constitution is, however, that it furnishes no popular instrument of check or even of criticism upon the Executive. The proposed Legislative Conference is not such a body. Like the Council, it also represents only Governments, though it includes all Governments. It may deal only with matters referred to it by the Executive.

There is thus no body provided which could at need say in the name of populations to the dominating Great Powers, "you are over-doing this 'mandate' business. You are governing the world by your majority of six Governments (two or three of them it may be such States as Turkey, Portugal, or Panama, incapable of real independence). You have made a close oligarchy, and you are using your trust for a camouflaged imperialism, a modern capitalist variation of the old Holy Alliance." To say anything like that Switzerland or Holland or Norway might have to wait twenty years till by rotation their turn came to sit on the Executive. Or imagine a case in which America and Britain were always in a minority on the Council against the other five, who might all chance to be Land Powers, or possibly all Powers with a Socialist Government in office. Take the cleavage alternately either way, and it is, to our thinking, clear that some body there must be more representative of all civilization, and much more free to debate, question, suggest, and initiate than General Smuts's Conference of all the Governments. With food and raw materials, as well as peace and war, dependent on the Executive Council, there must be a body which can speak for consumers and producers, for conscripts and their parents, as well as for Great Powers.

This body can only be A PARLIAMENT. We avowedly desire a Parliament for the reason which will cause all the older statesmen to reject it. It will mean the grouping of opinions across national lines. It will mean the building up of a real international opinion, not artificially unanimous, with its varying shades, its groups, its majority, and its minority. We realize the immense difficulties of language, distance, racial antipathies, diverse standards of conduct and expression. The details are still for us an open question. Should it be normally a world-Parliament? Or would it be better to start with Pan-European, Pan-American, and Pan-Asiatic Chambers, with delegations from each to form at longer intervals a world-Parliament? Should we attempt direct election by proportional representation, or should the choice be made indirectly, but also proportionately, by each national Parliament? Either plan is feasible—all

England, all Scotland, all Ireland, for example; each Dominion, might well form a single constituency returning its own small group elected by the single transferable vote. The men so chosen would enjoy enormous moral power, and the International Chamber would be the most brilliant assembly that the world has known.

The other plan of indirect election would certainly be simpler, and might make the easier beginning. In either case we should gain a Chamber which would have the right to speak to the Powers for the populations. It alone could safely be trusted to watch over such risks as the formation of world trusts in food or raw materials, to force attention to some repetition of the Congo horror, or to protect some future Socialist state in difficulties from the machinations of cosmopolitan capital. Attempts to deal with such evils in national Parliaments must always encounter excessive difficulties and delays. In the full sense of the word, the Executive could not be "responsible" to this Deliberative Parliament. It could not by a vote dismiss all the Governments of the Great Powers. The right to question, to debate, to recommend, it ought however to possess, the right of initiative and stimulation, as well as the right to discuss what the Executive might refer to it. Its creation can alone set up what none of the standard or official schemes even attempt to realize, a true society of peoples as the basis of a league of governments.

WHAT SORT OF PEACE?

THE news that the British Government has proposed to the Allies that a truce should be offered to all the warring governments in Russia and representation granted to all of them at the Peace Conference, is the best that the world has heard since the Kaiser fell. The proposal is good in itself, and it adds to our satisfaction that it is our own Government which we have to congratulate on this constructive and pacific step. It is, moreover, of good augury for that collaboration between British and American statesmanship on which the whole character of the peace depends. The opposition of MM. Clemenceau and Pichon was to be expected, but we are at a loss to understand why it should instantly be assumed that their Government enjoys an unlimited veto upon everything which others may suggest. Italy has no direct concern in the Russian question. America, Britain, Japan, and France are the only Powers which share in the active work of intervention. Of these, France alone can be opposed to the British proposal. America was only persuaded to take a share against her will, and Japan, equally reluctant, has now withdrawn the bulk of her troops. If our Government will only adhere steadily to its Note, some part at least of its policy should in some form be realizable. If France objects to the presence of a Soviet representative in Paris, there are other ways of arranging for a Conference, either in Stockholm or by the despatch of an exploring mission to Russia.

There need be no excessive hurry over the Conference. What is urgent is to make the truce. Whether the slaughter is serious in this dragging Civil War we do not know, but far worse than the slaughter is the probability of famine in Russia. Mr. Hoover's estimate that from twelve to twenty million human beings will die of hunger during the cold weather is, we hope, excessive; but that misery and privation is general, no one doubts. Travellers and refugees may or may not have exaggerated both the misdeeds and the failures of the Soviets system. But one could hardly exaggerate the cumula-

tive effects of the hunger and privation that have been general in Russia since 1916. The hunger began with the breakdown of transport after the retreat from Galicia and Poland, and the early ruin of industry was the consequence partly of the closing of the ports and the stoppage of imports, and partly of the reckless, gambling concentration with which all the primitive industries of Russia were turned to the making of munitions. One fact we cannot too clearly realize. If millions of persons do die this winter in Russia, it will be largely because Admiral Koltchak, the dictator, is able to hold the Siberian railway with the aid of European troops and subsidies. The millions who may die will not be merely Red Guards or Bolshevik partisans. They will be the people of Russia. And among others they will be the middle and professional classes for whom the Allies profess special concern, and the children whom they forget.

The calling of a truce will certainly encounter no difficulties from the Soviet Government. It has indeed recently made an offer of peace on terms which included the recognition of the debt of Tsardom, and favors for our concessionaires. While sober witnesses assure us that its internal strength is greater than ever, its worst deeds are, we hope, in the past, and it should gradually tend to become more moderate. Some of its Socialist opponents are rallying to it. Maxim Gorky has taken office. Its former comrades, who rebelled last summer, the Left Social Revolutionaries, have now given Lenin their support. So also has a much more moderate and thoughtful party, the "Menshevik" Social Democrats, while the powerful co-operative movement, formerly neutral, has now rallied to the Soviet. These adhesions must greatly strengthen Lenin against the wilder men of his own party. These signs are important, because they promise the end of the Terror. The chances are that Soviet Russia, if it can get food, may evolve into something more satisfactory than a despotic and cruel Jacobinism.

While the Bolsheviks now tend to include the moderate Socialists, the militant Opposition, which the Allies subsidize and support, becomes every week more obviously a reincarnation of the old Tsardom. Save for the little Tchaikovsky group isolated in the entrenched camp at Archangel (its members would probably be shot if they strayed into the Koltchak zone), the Russia which has the patronage of M. Pichon is now solidly monarchist and capitalist. If it were in the end, after general famine, to vanquish Socialist Russia, we should certainly witness as savage a spectacle as the triumph of the "Whites" in Finland. After the extermination of its active opponents, it would pass through a military dictatorship to some reproduction of the old bureaucracy, less paternal and romantic perhaps than Holy Russia, but much more obviously the creature of native and foreign capital. We find the prospect of a liberal evolution of the Soviet system more promising. Neither will be satisfactory: either will be Russian. A race which is in the mass inefficient, unlettered, and non-moral, when judged by Western standards, will produce neither a tolerable form of Conservatism nor a good form of Socialism. The Soviet as an institution has, however, a value of its own. It might come to co-exist, as in the schemes of our own Guild Socialists, with a supreme Parliament, on a territorial basis, elected by the ordinary democratic franchise. Whatever may be the future of the Soviet, however, we are satisfied that neither from famine nor from the violence of the counter-Revolution will salvation come to Russia.

The whole prospect of a good peace turns, indeed, on a perception of the fact that the time for violence is over. Bolshevism, as Mr. Wilson puts it, "cannot be stopped

by force, but it can be stopped by food." It cannot be stopped by force, for the more force is applied the more desperate will the social confusion and suffering become from which Bolshevism originates. The present plight of Germany is illustrative enough. We imposed in the armistice terms a heavy fine in locomotives and waggons. The state of Belgium probably made that step a necessary one. But the result is that coal cannot be sent to Vienna, where people are burning their chairs to cook the few turnips or carrots which form their diet, and even within Germany itself, factories, gas-works, and electricity works are closing down. The hurried demobilization instantly made a huge unemployment problem, and even when all the women were turned out of their war-time posts, the men are still idle. No factories are working now for more than three or four hours a day. That is the result of the joint working of the armistice terms and the continued blockade, and it has required two Spartacus rebellions to drive home the moral to the Allies.

There is still graver chaos and danger in Poland and the Baltic provinces. Once more the militarist mind thinks only of force. We send warships to the Baltic ports. Paris prepares to despatch Polish legions, and calls for an American Army Corps as well. We should soon see repeated in Central Europe the Russian spectacle—little wandering bodies of Polish or Tchech troops fighting little bodies of Red Guards, while the mass of the population lay down to die or dug up carrots on the battlefield. Luckily there is a limit to the use of force. None of the West-European troops who have gone through this war will fight again. The British and French Governments do not send their own troops (the Africans excepted), and appeals for American troops have failed. There is no need for troops. Let the Russians get Siberian grain and they will stop raiding the West. Let Poland have food, and its native potential Bolsheviks will not rise. Mr. Wilson has at last won his battle. After a delay of two months the feeding of Austria has begun and the feeding of Germany is arranged. Every sane man and woman will pray that he may win also in his policy of feeding Russia.

The truth is that the war-temper of the Allies has outrun both its means of action and the need for force. A tremendous sentiment of anger works against Germany, partly just and natural, partly exaggerated by propaganda. The anger does not notice that the thing which evolved it is dead. Such judgment as we can form from reading German newspapers tells us that for the time being the militarist obsession is exorcised. One feels, indeed, disconcerted by the pitiable humility of this beaten and half-starved people. Of this we are sure, that so far as they are conscious of themselves, the Germans have wholly put aside the idea of ever again resorting to Might-Politics. One of the first things which the Ebert Government did was to instruct all teachers to talk to their pupils about the folly of a Revanche, and to take as their text that "this must be the last war." The most Imperialist Liberals, like Naumann, assume that Germany will need nothing more than a Swiss militia in the future, and this is said with evidently sincere relief. No one mentions the navy, and hardly anyone the colonies. Of the mood in which Gambetta said: "Never forget it, but never speak of it," we find as yet no trace. Some writers, like Rohrbach, do indeed scold the German pacifists for undignified appeals to the Entente, and bid them realize that they live in a very hard world. But even he sees salvation in unity, order, and hard work, and not in a military revival. Only the egregious Crown Prince counsels that, and his

reward is that those who but yesterday were enthusiastic monarchists write of him (as "Die Hilfe" does) with execration.

If Allied public opinion would only realize it, the idea of securing the world against this dejected Germany by annexations, strategic frontiers, and crushing indemnities and buffer States, is as ridiculous as it is immoral. For a moment, it may be a comparatively brief moment, we really have the chance of including an adaptable nation in the new international order. For years we have all been saying of them, with truth, that they were a people too easily drilled, the predestined victim, by reason of their very virtues of order and the love of duty, of a Junker class, a dominant Prussia, an egotistic Hohenzollern House. The Hohenzollerns are gone; the Junkers will be taxed out of existence; Prussia under the new constitution is being broken up; even from Berlin, with its fatal associations, the people turn as an unsuitable capital. The old gods are fallen, from Bismarck to Ludendorff. The only man whom to-day this nation is the least disposed to idolize is Mr. Wilson. At the risk of saying something which many readers will think absurd, we none the less say without hesitation that no people on earth (except the smaller neutrals) is so ready to accept the international idea. That, indeed, from Goethe to Marx, was always the trend of the keenest German intellect. To all the other Great Powers a League of Nations looks like sacrifice; to Germany it is salvation. To-day crude self-interest—even commercial calculation—reinforce this old, repressed idealistic tendency. We need treat this Germany of to-day, not with generosity, still less with sentimental approaches, but simply with plain dealing and common sense, to make of it a stout pillar of the League of Nations. It has faced the inevitable loss of Alsace, Posen, and the colonies, the reparation indemnities, and the end of its military power. In these there is no real obstacle to peace.

But the hopeful formative movement will end abruptly if we go on to the other items of the programme of violence—a war-cost indemnity, annexation of the Saar Valley, detachment of the Rhine's left bank, the isolation of German Austria, and the creation of overgrown militarist satellite states of Poles and Techo-Slovaks holding down millions of unwilling German subjects. Strassburg and Posen may go; the blow will be endured and a League may be created. Take Danzig and German Bohemia, and no League of Nations can possibly be created. We shall have taught this people to despair of justice from a League of Allies. So soon as food restores their mental and physical vigor, they will turn to other hopes. Without hope no people will live. Some will hope for a military revanche, others for a world-wide social revolution. Some will turn to Ludendorff; others to Lenin; but Mr. Wilson will have failed. He is to-day the one means of escape for Europe from a peace that would mean violence to-day, militarism to-morrow, and revolution on the day after to-morrow. Let Mr. George back him and form the Anglo-American understanding on which the best hopes of France and Italy, no less than of all of us, rest. Then no one will be able to say that we have won the war only to lose the peace.

"OUT WITH THE HUNS!"

If a prize had been offered during the Election for the most perfect specimen of political nonsense there cannot be much doubt as to who would have carried it off. It would have gone to the new Lord Chancellor in recogni-

tion of his assertion that eighteen out of every twenty Germans who have settled in Great Britain during the past two decades have been spies. For sheer intemperance it would be hard to match. One of the great Law Officers of the Crown, with access to the stores of official information, has gone on record with the assertion that nine-tenths of the German-born residents in these islands are spies. It is useless to point out that his colleague, the Home Secretary, specifically declared in July that, except in the first few weeks of the war, no spies had been discovered in Great Britain among the subjects of enemy States. Was not the Lord Chancellor aware of that fact? He knew that Germany's agents at work among us during the past four years have been not Germans, but neutrals and renegade Britons, just as our own agents in Germany have been of almost any nationality but British. But it served his turn to heap fuel on the bitter memories of war, and to pump up an excuse of sorts for the policy of wholesale repatriation. He found a state of public mind as "sore and excitable" as that which Titus Oates inflamed against the Papists. The contrast between his language and the moderation with which a precisely similar question is being handled in South Africa is not to the credit of British statesmanship. In South Africa, as here, the "popular" cry is for repatriating all enemy subjects. But what is the policy of the Government? It was announced by Mr. Burton, the Minister of Railways and Finance. The Government, he stated, could not be guided by sentiment alone. Wholesale repatriation of enemy subjects would be "unjust and unreasonable and contrary to the spirit of the Constitution as well as to the best interests of the country." The people of enemy birth or origin who had settled in British South Africa had "generally proved themselves to be law-abiding and peaceful citizens." Many of them had fought on the British side during the war. In the new territories soon to be incorporated in the Union the inhabitants were mainly German. "It would, therefore, be both wrong and most unwise by adopting a policy savoring of revenge and hatred to create a spirit complicating still further the already sufficiently difficult problems awaiting solution in South Africa." What accordingly the Government had determined to do was to repatriate, first, all enemy subjects who wished to be repatriated, and, secondly, all enemy subjects and all British subjects of enemy origin "whose conduct had caused them to be regarded as dangerous to the State."

That is as near to the common-sense of statesmanship as any country can be expected to reach so soon after the close of a bitter war. Is there any reason why we in Great Britain should not rise to an equal level of sensible liberalism? None whatever, when once the fundamental facts in regard to the Germans who have made their homes among us are understood. What are they? The first is that those who left Germany did so not as the result of a Government conspiracy to plant them out as spies in foreign lands but of their free will and initiative, and in the same spirit of adventure, the same hope of bettering their fortunes, that have made our own people the greatest colonists in the world. That among them there may have been a handful of political agents or military spies is true enough. But that the great mass of German emigration, like the great mass of British emigration, has been throughout a matter of individual choice and personal preference is beyond question. Many of these emigrants left the Fatherland to escape the Prussian system. They found in Great Britain freedom and opportunities denied to them at home. They liked our life and ways,

settled here, married Englishwomen, became naturalized British subjects. They never formed a group apart. They merged themselves completely in their new environment. Not a few of them rose to high positions in diplomacy, commerce, the public services, and Parliament. When war broke out between the land of their birth and the land of their adoption they sided overwhelmingly with the country where all their personal interests and associations lay, where they had made their home, where their children had been born. How many of the naturalized British subjects of German birth or origin have been disloyal to their oath of allegiance? How many have had their certificates of naturalization revoked for just cause? Perhaps six; perhaps a dozen; certainly not more.

One of the most insensate cries of the war has been "Once a Hun, always a Hun." It would be far truer to say, "Once a Briton, always a Briton." For of all emigrants, as the experience of America abundantly testifies, the German is the one who most quickly denationalizes himself and proves most sensitive to the pressure of his new surroundings. Throughout the war the naturalized British subjects of German birth have been absolutely loyal to Great Britain and the Allied cause, the exceptions to the contrary being so few as to be wholly negligible. Their sons by hundreds and thousands have fought and died as volunteers in the British Army. One of the first private hospitals to be started in London after the outbreak of the war was organized and run by two brothers who were born in Germany. The head of one of the largest technical industries in the kingdom, a man who has rendered magnificent service in the manufacture of munitions, is likewise a naturalized Briton of German birth. The most successful scheme that has yet been instituted for teaching new trades to disabled soldiers is also the work of one who was born in Germany. Some of the best propaganda put forth on the British side has been prepared by a Barrister of the Middle Temple who was born in Germany. One might multiply such instances indefinitely. But to do so would only be to confirm a fact already patent to every unprejudiced eye and buttressed by the official records—that the country has every reason to be proud of the loyalty of the naturalized community during the past four years.

It cannot be said that as a nation we have done much to smoothen the difficult path of our fellow-subjects of enemy birth. They have been made to feel themselves objects of suspicion and distrust. We have not availed ourselves of even a tenth of the services they stood ready to render. The popular attitude towards them has been too much governed by newspaper sensationalism. No British statesman has known how to address them as President Wilson addressed "the millions of men and women of German birth who live amongst us and share our life, and most of whom are as true and loyal Americans as if they had never known any other fealty or allegiance." There has been a campaign of innuendo and proscription against them in the clubs, on the Stock Exchange, in Lombard Street, in Parliament, and most of all in the gutter Press. To some extent, however repugnant it may have been to our old British instinct of justice, this has been the inevitable outcome of the war and of Germany's conduct of it. But it is another matter when the passions of conflict are invoked as the guide to our policy in times of peace. Is it really the sober judgment of the country that the covenant of naturalization should be treated as a scrap of paper, to be altered or torn up as the Home Secretary of the day may think best; that all interned Germans, and their British-born and British-educated

wives and children along with them, should be repatriated without regard to their wishes or circumstances; and that the sons of naturalized British subjects, even though they may have fought for us, should be excluded from Government offices and public employment?

If so, we are nearing a turning-point in British history. No European nation has owed so much in the past as we have to a succession of alien immigrations. It has been hitherto no small part of the richness of our national life that we have welcomed and assimilated all who have cared to come to us. We have been insular only in name. In fact we have probably surpassed any people on this side of the Atlantic in hospitality to new-comers and new ideas. Our debt to them and the benefit we have derived from them have been immense. Who imagines that we could have built up, or that we can ever regain, our position as the centre of international trade and finance if we had closed our doors on foreigners and had not invited their co-operation? Do we believe that we can now begin to shut out the aliens without incurring a load of universal ill-will and the certainty of swift retaliation? There is a good deal that might be said in favour of stiffer naturalization laws and a stricter supervision of immigrants. But the present anti-alien agitation really aims at reversing, and not at improving, our former practices. It is opposed to our traditional tolerance, and it must in the end be fatal to our commercial supremacy. The day on which we in Great Britain narrow our vision of such problems to the standpoint of a niggardly nationalism will mark for posterity the beginning of our decline.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

I suppose we should all be serious about the Peace Conference. It is sworn to secrecy, and 500 American journalists have their ears at its keyholes, with 200 European colleagues waiting their turn. It is to be united to the last comma of the last protocol, and Mr. Lansing and the "Temps" have already exchanged a brisk fire of contradictions. Why not be (moderately) truthful? If MM. Clemenceau and Pichon desire to live in the world of Louis Quatorze, honestly mistaking it, no doubt, for that of the Convention, and Baron Sonnino in that of the Renaissance, we cannot prevent them. Mr. Wilson lives in the world of to-day; that, no doubt, being more or less the state of Mr. Lloyd George, and of democratic France and Italy. The two ideas are not reconcilable. Whether the new conquers the old or the old the new depends on us. The Europe which French Nationalism wants is equally irrelevant to us and to America. If France and Italy want it they must make it, keep it for themselves, and from Germans, Czechs, Bolsheviks, Poles, Southern Slavs, and other claimants for a share—and pay for it. We did not go to war for such a society, and British opinion will not subscribe to maintaining it. If this is understood in time, there will be a good peace. If not, there will be no peace worth the name. But there is also no reason why we should be parties to it. That is all.

THAT England and America should at last be going hand-in-hand towards a good peace is, of course, a matter of the deepest consequence for the world's future and ours. I do not think there need be any apprehension lest America should fail to follow her President's lead. The seeming revolt against his policy, so far as it

was serious and intentioned, went little beyond the group of Republican reactionaries led by Senator Lodge. Mr. Taft was hardly associated with it, and progressive Republicanism, which will have a voice in the new Senate as in the old, not at all. The power behind Mr. Wilson as the organ of the foreign policy of America is essentially a national power, and though his mistake over the elections disturbed it a little, it has not been seriously shaken. Its full strength would be revealed in the hour when it became clear to America that Europe was going back to her old policy, and leaving the President alone in his stand for a new one.

MEANTIME, what is the attitude of the Bolshevik Government to the Entente? I believe it to be much as follows: The Bolsheviks are anxious for peace—no doubt about that. But they are not nervous about their future as a Government. The Red Army is improving, for inside the circle of Soviet rule opposition is being overcome, and now hardly exists. On the other hand, Lenin and Co. wish to get on to constructive work and to rebuild Russia economically. If they are allowed to do this, they are prepared on their side to make large concessions. They will agree to an amnesty for their opponents, and a cessation of their propaganda in Entente countries where it is merely retaliatory, and will cease when we stop our intervention. On this point they are willing to give guarantees. Economic concessions are also obtainable. The Bolsheviks would even like to attract foreign capital, and they would consent to open payments of the interest on pre-war debt, though here doubtless some higgling would go on. But if the intervention proceeds in 1919, and threatens Moscow and Petrograd, they either fear or threaten a renewal of the Terror, and do not think it possible to protect the lives of the officers—some 3,000—of the revolutionary parties whom they have in custody. For this they put the responsibility on the Entente. This, I think, fairly represents their attitude and I report it without comment.

The "Manchester Guardian," in affecting to correct a statement of mine as to the Prime Minister's reception of a deputation of Manchester Liberals on reunion, contrives to give it an ingenious corroboration. I said that Mr. Lloyd George had refused any kind of *rapprochement* with Mr. Asquith and his following. The "Guardian" insists that he was keen for reunion, but declined to prevent Liberals from fighting Liberals, or to abstain from interfering with the choice of Liberal Associations. This, of course, emphasises my statement by adding to it a specific declaration of war by Mr. George not merely on the Liberal Party, but on the principle of freedom in elections.

My Irish correspondent writes:—

"Shortt's departure appears to us to clear the way for the French-Price régime. He was at cross purposes with the Viceroy on every important issue that presented itself during his term of office, except, apparently, the 'German Plot.' He sent the Cabinet a very strong memorandum against Conscription, omitting, I understand, to show it to French; he was in favor of releasing the prisoners, and took steps indicating this intention; he objected to the *personnel* of French's absurd Reconstruction Committee, which reads precisely like a House Committee of the Kildare Street Club. Aware of the demands made upon him by the Coercionist Party he stood in amazement at his own moderation and on the whole went about his business here with that seriousness which earned for Sir Walter Scott's bull the respect of the whole parish. Only here did he not get it."

HAVE there not been large savings in the Civil List owing to the absence of entertainments during the war,

and have not a great part of them been added to the King's Privy Purse? And is this quite correct? The surplus, I am told, amounts to little short of a quarter of a million. About £100,000 were given back to the nation in the shape of a donation from the King. But the surplus has, I think, been disposed of as I suggested.

WHEN I first knew Sir Charles Wyndham he was in the second period of his career as an artist, his first being before my time. Youth was over; the rattler of Cremorne had retreated to a post of observation. For this his delightful art seemed to have been made, and cultivated to a singular pitch of perfection. If the Wyndham drama of this period was not exactly a school of morals, it was at least an education in carefulness. "*Surtout point de cèle.*" "Whatever you do, don't have a row," was the attitude. From the time when Dr. Wyndham, taking a feminine hand, opened his treatment with "Now, my dear young lady," a holy calm would settle on the audience, which realized that if all was not well, all would presently look well. The critics took a similar line. If this was not life, it was near enough; if not ideas, demeanor; if not poetry, a charming recitative. *It*, of course, was a perfectly trained artist, with wonderful gifts of voice and manner, imposing a form of dramatic illusion on an intellectually unexact public of the middle class. Sir Charles was not always the observer, sometimes he was the lover. It did not matter, he was Wyndham; as Irving was Irving and Tree Tree. Nothing grew or could grow from such a theatre but a most agreeable evening's entertainment.

I THOUGHT the Stage Society made a great success of its revival of Vanbrugh's play "The Provok'd Wife." It played extremely well—that is to say, when the artists could conquer the difficulties of the hall, and get the author's more delicate wit some way beyond the footlights. The play itself was easy and brilliant, the dialogue at its best of a nimbleness of thought, and now and then a humanity of feeling, which set it to my taste well above Congreve's. Was it coarse? Yes, in places. Coarse words go out, and others come in, and polite conversation now excludes them, as fine gentlemanness and even fine ladyship were not wont to do. But is the play immoral? At least it is intensely feminist, and Jeremy Collier's attack shrinks in the light of modern criticism of the indissoluble marriage. Vanbrugh expends all his art on his women and their cause. His men are almost deliberately inferior. Heartfree is a dunce, and Constant the average scheming amorist of Restoration Comedy. But Lady Brute comes very near a tragic figure. I thought Miss Margaret Halstan under-played her. But though Vanbrugh just misses the deeper language of a woman's heart, he knows how to express her outraged sensibilities. Her fine casuistry turns on a point of conduct that society has never ceased to debate. Most of the States in the American Union would have given her a divorce on half the provocation she sustains at the hands of her sot. Vanbrugh could not divorce her, so he presents just such a picture of marriage as Ibsen described, without daring to *represent* it, in the "Doll's House." The modern dramatic psychologist might have trodden a little more delicately, masked the ironical disclosure of the last act, and spoiled its moral in the process, or turned its edge with smart drapery and suggestiveness. But I doubt whether he would have got as close to his subject

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE ORIGIN OF WAR.

"THERE have always been wars; there always will be wars." That has been the creed, expressed or implied, of the militarist, more devoutly held than ever in the face of threats to supersede war. Even the man of science falls into the snare. Thus Dr. F. A. Woods in his study "Is War Diminishing?"—carried out with much pride of objectivity—seems to take for granted that war, even though it may possibly be increasing in intensity, existed at the beginning, and asserts indeed that societies could not be constituted without war. Yet have there always been wars.

Our assumptions on this point, like so many beliefs that have become mere superstitions, date from a time when knowledge of the past was much less extensive than it is now. Even thirty years ago it was possible for so cautious an investigator as Maine to talk, in his "International Law," about the "universal belligerency of primitive mankind" and to assert, quite as a matter of course, that "it is not peace which was natural and primitive and old, but rather war," and he added, with a lofty superiority at which now we may smile, "war more atrocious than we, with our ideas, can easily conceive." All the prominent authors meekly followed in the same path, Spencer, Bagehot, Topinard, Steinmetz, MacDougall and the rest. There were indeed some on the other side, but they were not the leaders of the mob, and few marked them. Darwin with his doctrine of natural selection seemed to the majority to be on their side, especially in Germany, though war had really nothing to do with Darwin's natural selection. Man was born out of war, it was believed, and his whole civilization is based on war. A little reflection might have suggested that a creature so helpless in his native state as man, and with a more prolonged infancy than any other creature, was hardly likely to have been the outcome of war. That consideration was put forward by Letourneau in his large book, "La Guerre," 1895, but Letourneau was not usually an original investigator or a profound thinker and his opinions on the origin of war were neglected.

In the present century, however, the whole question has been placed on a new basis. The archaeologist and the anthropologist have here unconsciously co-operated to the same end, the one by working among primitive peoples of old and the other among their modern representatives in savage lands to-day. It must be remembered that man's appearance on the earth dates from a vastly earlier period than was supposed even half-a-century ago. It is now not uncommon to date the time when species that could fairly be called human first began to appear at about two million years back, of which the brief period of less than three thousand years we call historical is but an insignificant fraction. That, it is true, is but plausible conjecture. We can be much more precise concerning the existence of known men as the founders of culture by their invention of recognizable and indestructible instruments of labor. The geological evidence tends to indicate that Chellean man who first made tools that were both permanent and undoubtedly human may have lived somewhere about twenty-seven thousand years ago, so that of the continuous history of human culture, as distinguished from the history of man, our historical period is little more than a tenth part. To say, therefore, as we certainly can, that wars have raged throughout our "historical" period not only tells us almost nothing about the long history of man, it tells us but little about the evolution of human culture.

The vast hiatus thus revealed was at one time easily filled up by summary thinkers. Fighting exists among animals, they said; fighting exists among men to-day; therefore, there has been fighting all the time. But that is a little too simple. It is true that many animals can fight, being naturally furnished with weapons. Fighting, however, and war, are by no means the same thing. Here, indeed, we enter a field where there are differences of definition. Lagorgette, in his large and useful book, "Le Rôle de la Guerre," found twelve years ago that at least

one hundred and fifty definitions of war had been put forth, and since then the number has greatly increased. But there cannot be much doubt that, roughly speaking, we mean by war an organized attack by the whole community on another community of the same species. The combats of animals—even apart from the fact that when with members of their own species they are rarely fatal, and often approximate to play—cannot be said, even remotely, to resemble war. There are two notable exceptions—though even here fighting scarcely attains the exact definition of warfare—among the ants and among the bees, the only creatures that have attained a kind of culture comparable to man's. They may also be said to be the only two groups, outside men, combining density of population with the ownership of property. These are two significant facts which we must always bear in mind when we are discussing the origin of war.

Man of the early Stone Ages, that is to say Palæolithic Man, in his various successive species, and throughout his long career of twenty thousand or more years, was always primarily a "hunter." His weapons were for use against animals, not against himself. A hunting population is thinly spread over a large area. There was but little accumulated property. There were boundaries between the hunting grounds of different communities, but these boundaries were sacred, and as no one would think of violating them they could not form a cause of quarrels. Animals were of far more interest to man than man was to himself. Palæolithic art, which is often quite modern in its admirable expressiveness of line, is mainly concerned with animals; men appear but rarely, and then usually as hunters, bearing a light small spear.

We cannot take for granted that what we find among savages tells us anything about primitive man. To-day, however, we are learning so much about the configuration and the activities alike of primitive man and of modern savages that we begin to know when and where they may be to some extent correlated. In this way we are able to assert positively that the culture of the Mousterians survives among the Australians, that of the Aurignacians among the Bushmen, and that of the Magdalenians among the Eskimo. It has been found possible to go further and to surmise that in each case the modern people is actually descended from the Palæolithic people, which it resembles in culture, though long since driven out of Europe by climatic changes. But, however that may be, we now realize that there are races living to-day whose culture, even in details, resembles that of Palæolithic Man in Europe fifteen and twenty thousand years ago.

During the past ten years, and in part under the inspiration of Professor Westermarck, the problem of the origin of war has been approached afresh by various workers from different sides. Mention may be made of the investigation of Mr. G. C. Wheeler among Australian tribes. Wheeler finds ("The Tribe and Intertribal Relations in Australia") that "in contrast with the loose ideas generally held, war in the tribe cannot be deemed a normal condition," while indeed wars in the full modern sense of the word, "wars for conquest, are not to be found." What appears to us as "war" among the Australians is simply either the carefully regulated punishment of an offender, without bloodshed if the offence is not serious, or it is revenge in which a band of the kinsmen of a dead man, and any others who choose to join, set out to take blood-vengeance on another tribe. Even in this sense war is exceptional, and war in the sense of a whole tribe taking the field against another tribe has no existence. "Peace, not war, is the normal condition of the Australian tribes." Among the Bushmen, whose social organization is very low although their intelligence is high, there is even less to be said of war, while the Eskimo, in their most characteristic groups, know no war at all, and Roß found at Behring Straits that it was impossible to explain to them what war is. So much for the modern representatives of Mousterians and Aurignacians and Magdalenians.

But it is now possible, also, to attack the problem from the other end. We may turn, that is to say, from the anthropologists to the archaeologists, and ask what

evidence they have dug up of warfare in primitive times. The result is the same. We do not find the weapons of warfare or the wounds of warfare. We may agree that it is with civilization that the art of killing developed, that is to say, within the last ten or twelve thousand years, the time which marks the arrival of the Neolithic people who have never been dispossessed by any new climatic change or any hostile invasion from outside. Yet our Neolithic ancestors could have made but little progress in warfare. They prepared the ground for war, they planted the seeds. They were not primarily hunters but agriculturists and herdsmen and domesticators of animals and industrial workers. That is to say that, unlike the men of all the early ages, they were living in compact and populous communities, which with a high birth-rate might expand beyond their own proper boundaries, and they were accumulating property which might become to be regarded as booty. They were thus preparing the reasons for war, but they had not yet developed the methods of war. That came when they discovered the metals and found the ways of smelting ores. Then were brought into the world war's "two main nerves, Iron and Gold," as Milton called them and as they have remained during three thousand years. The Copper Age, the Bronze Age, above all, the Iron Age made it possible to fashion weapons of deadly effect. When in the long development of human art we come at length on the situla from Bologna of the Hallstatt or early Iron Period, with the procession around it of warriors marching in regular order and uniform equipment, each man with helmet on head, great spear on his right arm and shield on his left, we know where we are, we begin to feel at home. But this was the climax of a long period during which the softer bronze prevailed, lending itself to more beautiful effects and to war that was still picturesque. During the great Bronze Agean period, in which modern civilization was developed, Hogarth remarks that all the body armor that has been found is only of a ceremonial kind and not for service, that there are few representations of armed men, and that it seems doubtful whether any professional military class existed. But a beginning had been made. The methods of warfare were slowly being adopted. In Britain, for instance, it seems to have been during the Bronze Age—between three and four thousand years ago—that strongholds commonly began to be needed. Since then the impressiveness of war has steadily grown until it has become, as Bagehot remarked, "the most showy fact in human history." That acute if summary thinker in his "Physics and Politics," pointed out that the fighting powers of mankind have grown continuously, while civilization and city life no longer make man unwarlike or unable to compete with barbarians.

To-day these propositions have been confirmed beyond possibility of doubt. It was in regard to the earlier stages that Bagehot's views were necessarily vague and incomplete. A more extensive and accurate statement of the earlier phases was reached just before the Great War by a Finnish scholar, Rudolf Holsti, writing in English, in "The Relation of War to the Origin of the State," doubtless the most important summary of facts and conclusions we possess on this long debated question. Savages, Holsti shows, are on the whole not warlike, although they often try to make out that they are terribly bloodthirsty fellows; it is only with difficulty that they work themselves up to fighting pitch, and even then all sorts of religious beliefs and magical practices restrain warfare and limit its effects. Even among the fiercest peoples of East Africa the bloodshed is unusually small. Speke mentions a war that lasted three years; the total losses were three men on each side. In all parts of the world there are peoples who rarely or never fight. Primitive man had far more formidable enemies than his own species to fight against, and it was for protection against these, and not against his fellows, that the beginnings of co-operation and the foundations of the State were laid. War was a result, and not a cause, of social organisation.

"I rejoice that the number and duration of wars are diminishing in the world," wrote Leroy-Beaulieu early in the present century, and it is a thought that has appealed to many of us. We have too often overlooked

the additional fact, which the same writer casually adds: "It is true they are more terrible and involve vaster ruin." We realize now that this addendum is important, we see that a primitive war lasting three years with a total of six deaths gives place in our present phase of civilisation to a war lasting four years with a total of six million deaths. And such are our excitable human brains that the greater the magnitude of war the greater its fascination. The adulation of war seems to have reached a climax during the nineteenth century, in which century also—note the significant correlation—the ruthless movement of commercial expansion and the reckless movement of the rising birth-rate likewise each reached their climacteric period. In the humane eighteenth century, before the Industrial Revolution, men were in spirit, however it might be with their practice, against war. Kant, the last thinker of the century, the offspring of Hume and of Rousseau, reflected that spirit. But in the nineteenth century, however their creeds might differ at other points, at this point representative men were at one. Fervent Christians like De Maistre, philosophers like Hegel, advanced social reformers like Proudhon, emotional rhetoricians like Ruskin, though they might possibly allow that war in itself is evil, were equally with Moltke and the militarists lost in enthusiasm for its magnificent results. Even before their time, Mandeville, that *enfant terrible* of our conventional pillars of society, had summed up their creed: "The moment evil ceases. Society must be spoiled, if not totally dissolved." But he had been silenced with a prolonged: "Sh!"

To-day, however, we are in a better position than the men of any previous age to estimate the results of war, magnificent or otherwise. It so happens, as we have seen, that by the labors of archaeologists and anthropologists we are also in a better position to estimate philosophically the place of war in civilization. It probably began late in the history of mankind, it developed slowly out of animal hunting by way of a regulated attempt to secure justice as well as the gratification of revenge, it was immensely stimulated by the discoveries of the metals, and especially iron; above all, it owed its expansion to two great forces, the attractive force of booty and commercial gain in front, and the propulsive force of a confined population with a high birth-rate behind.

In the rise of war we foresee its fall, and in its causes we read its decay. We may put aside the fantasies of those who once imagined that the supreme power of love and sympathy would one day swallow up war. The great human lovers, prepared to love even their enemies, are a negligible minority, which shows no signs of increase, and even Christianity was able to prevent its followers from enlisting for scarce three centuries. Among ordinary mortals, as is too often forgotten, love is the obverse of an emotion of which hatred is the reverse; we cannot have one without the other. That the emotion is, as the psychologist says nowadays, ambivalent, is clear to anyone who analyses the utterances of hatred, from whichever side emanating, during the Great War; they are the outbursts of violated love and sympathy. Abolish love and hate would disappear. Nor is there any more reliance to be placed on reason than on love. That reason is but a tool in the hands of the passions has since Spinoza been a truism. War is bound up with passions, and can only be treated like the passions. Letourneau compared it to cannibalism, and there are indeed many points of resemblance. Like war, cannibalism is not primitive; it is not usually found among the carnivorous animals; it has no existence among the lowest savages; it develops slowly with a higher degree of culture; it becomes bound up with religion and with morals, though in different systems, since some peoples eat only their friends and other only their enemies; it is not only a duty and an aspiration, it is also the gratification of an appetite. Yet cannibalism, with its manifold deep-roots is human nature and culture, has disappeared with a rapidity for which, as Westermarck observes, there is hardly a parallel in the history of morals. And it has disappeared not through love or through reason—to neither of which, indeed,

was it really antagonistic—but through a process of sublimation, under the stress of an impulse, an æsthetic impulse, which among ourselves has left only its final transformation in the most spiritual sacrament of the Christian Church. There are, as Montaigne long ago remembered, much more terrible things in the world than roasting and eating one's dead relatives, and we may surely expect that they, too, will one day arouse even a more profound disgust.

We can see the line along which war must eventually disappear, even without any active human interference. Its two causes are already decaying. The excessive birth-rate is falling, and necessarily falls with every rise in culture. Excessive industrialism has likewise passed its climax; there is no more world left to fight for; and with the regularisation of industrial and commercial activities, of the whole material side of life, the economic cause of war falls away, and the energy thus released is free for sublimation into other and possibly more exalted forms of human activity.

Whether we are to-day approaching the first great step in this process of sublimation is still open to doubt. War is so young in the world, its fascination remains so strong, and Man, though he seems so delicate, has proved so tough, and so remarkably impervious to facts. When, indeed, we contemplate Man in the spirit in which the author of "Job" contemplated Behemoth the Hippopotamus we may well exclaim in wordering awe:—

"He is the chief of the ways of God:
And who can measure the thickness of his skull?"

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

THE PICTURE OF THE SPHINX.

"We do not need to ring the changes on the platitudes of interdependence in the modern world. We do not need to be told any longer that the decision of a few business men in Siberia may mean that the Kansas farmer-boy will find a soldier's grave in Italy."—*The New York "Dial,"* January 28th, 1918.

BURLINGTON HOUSE, where there is an exhibition of Canadian war pictures, does not make one feel as confident as the writer in the "Dial." The courtyard is lively with motor-cars; they may carry high officials, so spectators think it worth while to watch them for the satisfaction of a glimpse of a celebrity, an unintelligible show of gilt lace and decorations. Inside there are young officers explaining to lady friends where Ypres would be in that expansive panorama of "Flanders from Kemmel," by Major D. V. Cameron, A.R.A. Men in hospital blue plod about on crutches. Ladies with lorgnettes gaze at representations of filth and sudden death. Comfortable male civilians past military age ponder Byam Shaw's large canvas, "The Flag," where a corpse in khaki sprawls between the forelegs of a bronze beast elevated on a pedestal above groups of bereaved women, who are looking upward, maybe in proud memory, in unhappy bewilderment, in speechless grief, in mute interrogation of the dumb mystery. For the beast is headless. The frame cuts off its face. It might be the British lion. More probably it is the Sphinx. Do those comfortable male civilians, past military age, imagine the head of that Sphinx miraculously appearing above the frame, bearing the surprising countenance of their own composite portrait?

More than ten million people, mainly men, have died violent deaths in Europe. Why? It is no use going to Burlington House to find out. The pictures merely present you with the question. You may see, in a measure, how the soldiers died, and what killed them; but as to what condemned them to death, the Sphinx is headless. There is one picture, by Capt. F. H. Varley, of a tip-cart. It is canted on the side of a shell-crater which is nearly full of drainage. Beyond it, in that winter light which in Flanders seemed to have a quality of indescribable austerity, to be quite alien and other-world, and disciplined with exactitude across a stretch of ochreous muck, is a parade of neat little white crosses. One of a labor battalion leans on his spade, and con-

templates the cart. More work! It is loaded with a tangle of legs and arms. The title of the picture is: "For What . . . ?"

Who can say? Who dares to put that question, not to the world, but to himself? The question was put to his mother by a schoolboy while this writer stood by. She looked at the picture critically, and then evaded the boy's question. "There it is," she said, pointing to the legend in the catalogue.

"We do not need to ring the changes on the platitudes . . ." Don't we? If we were really anxious to know what made us think and act as we did during the past four years we might examine the writer's assertion with a little hope. But it may be that, like the mother to her boy, we would rather not examine, and would rather not know "for what?" because we are still merely determined to accuse, as being the easiest way of solving the riddle.

At Burlington House, apparently the only consciousness that there is a riddle for the Sphinx to answer, when it finds its head, is with the artists, when they happen to be soldier artists. It is implied in all their work, which, through its sincerity and a compelling subject, is far above the level of the usual pictures shown in the Royal Academy rooms. The question of the soldier artists is rarely as direct as Capt. Varley's. But in some way it always faces the visitor, as in a picture by Lieut. A. Y. Jackson, of a little wood in the Salient; the usual stumps of trees with their splinters, the same cold and forbidding light shining on the everlasting mud. "Copse: Evening," the artist calls it, in mockery. Do the mothers and wives think it hard to know that their men are dead? Let them look at this picture, and at "Void," by Lieut. Paul Nash, for example; and the "Battle for Courcellette," by Capt. Louis Weirter, R.B.A., and at "Night in Belgium, 1914," by P. W. Adam, and at "Early Morning near Albert," by Leonard Richmond, R.B.A., and know that it is lucky for them, but unfortunate for the living world, that they do not know how and with what thoughts their men *lived* for some time before they escaped from a "Copse: Evening." It was not death they dreaded. Sometimes that was welcomed. It was the mutilation of the mind.

It is just that obscene violation of the intelligence that the soldier-artists suggest. It is rarely the splendour of the body. The heroic shows in few of their pictures, and is then subdued, a mere tribute to comrades. What they feel about war is the dominating senselessness of ugliness and bestiality. The exhibition, so far as they are concerned, is a challenge. It is a challenge not deliberately made. It is the unconscious expression of their experience. One might gaze for hours at Major Augustus John's huge design, "Canadians Opposite Lens," and continue to find in it hints at the things of war, inevitable in war, the Iron Crosses and wooden crosses, and posters about syphilis, all obscured in what seems processional splendour, but is chaos. The scorn even of the professional artist cannot be kept out of his work. Mr. John shows it; so does Sir William Orpen. They are impartial. They seem to say, "You sent me to paint what I could of war. Here it is. Understand it if you can!"

Said a lady, "I do not wish to be harrowed by these things. I am content to know the men are doing their duty." Burlington House might now be crowded with her. What does she think of Mr. Nevinson, of Lieut. Wyndham Lewis and his "Gun Pit," of Gunner Roberts and his "First German Gas Attack," with its vomiting Turcoos? She makes no sign, with her elderly mate. She walks round the rooms at Burlington House with a detached interest, or at least with an understanding which shows no more than if she were inspecting the relics of the Aztecs at the British Museum. In a sense, the spectators at the show are more interesting than the pictures, to those who have looked upon the thing the artists saw. Those who have seen the work of horror in the flesh as well as in the spirit would like to discover the head of that Sphinx, and to put to it the question, "For What . . . ?" But is the missing head looking for itself, as it moves round Burlington House?

T.

Contemporaries

A GREAT PUBLICITY MAN.

No more remarkably engaging personality than Colonel Roosevelt has ever figured in American public life. However bitterly opposed one might be to his policies or to his political philosophy, however one might be convinced that his influence upon the national life was a baleful one, it was impossible to be near him and not be profoundly influenced by his charm and the force of his individuality. No American politician since the Civil War has had so great a personal following, or one that in any degree approximated Colonel Roosevelt's in variety and kind. This was, of course, due not only to his charm, but also to the range of the ex-President's own interests—he was horseman, hunter, ranchman, explorer, naturalist, bookmaker, historian, besides being an ardent militarist, the patron saint of the United States' Navy, and a politician of marvellous skill and shrewdness during his seven years in the White House. Where President Wilson is retired, secluded, suspicious of approaches, and constitutionally incapable of drawing to him and inspiring ardent youth, young men thronged about Colonel Roosevelt eager to be of his party, his *entourage*, and to bask in the warmth and geniality of his presence. And not only young men; for older men of the most varying types followed Colonel Roosevelt, and most of them never wholly left his standard. Many who deserted at times, returned later.

Truly, there has never been a politician in America who so confused men's minds, who could turn so many complete somersaults and yet retain the respect and liking of so many. Of moral lapses in the field of politics he was frequently guilty. Yet he retained a great influence, though it must in truth be said that it had waned greatly during the war because of the bitterness of his attacks upon Mr. Wilson and his purely destructive criticism of the Government. Usually, however, men and women freely forgave him inconsistencies, broken promises, and inconstancies without number, saying, "Oh, well, that's just Teddy," where they would have overwhelmed any other politician with scorn. Take his treatment of the Republican Party, for instance. It gave him the highest honors in its gift. It allowed him to name his successor in the person of Mr. Taft. Yet when it refused to renominate him in 1912 he turned upon it like a fury. It was corrupt, he said, beyond belief, rotten to the core, a mere tool of the privileged, so dead that it already reeked and was quite beyond the possibility of resurrection on any judgment day. I do not exaggerate in the least. Upon Mr. Taft, who had been one of his dearest friends, he poured similar abuse. In any other man Mr. Taft would probably never have forgiven such treatment. But they became reconciled, and not so very long ago were issuing joint manifestos attacking Mr. Wilson. So with the party. Mr. Roosevelt was welcomed back into the organization he sought to destroy, though it had not altered, and there is no doubt that if he had lived and been in good health, he would have been again a formidable candidate for the nomination the Republicans twice denied him. He would, moreover, have had the support of many newspapers which would never have pardoned anyone else for such treachery to the party of Lincoln. It was Mr. Roosevelt's revolt which alone made Mr. Wilson's first election possible.

For this public attitude towards Mr. Roosevelt the press bears a chief responsibility, precisely as it was the press which threw its glamor around him when he was at the height of his fame. He was beyond doubt the greatest "publicity-man" who ever held high office in America. His years in the White House were halcyon days for the Washington correspondents, who in some degree combine the functions of the parliamentary and political reporters of the London Press. Never was there a dearth of news at the White House. Where Mr. Wilson has not received the Washington correspondents in considerably more than a year, the White House was always open to them when Mr. Roosevelt was there. From it

they never came away empty-handed. The then President knew them well, was on intimate terms with many, and exercised on them all the lure of his amazing personality. Some he constantly consulted as to policies and appointments. Through them he closely followed the movements of public opinion the length and breadth of the land, and he frequently used them to sound public opinion. Trial balloons they sent up for him without number. If it appeared that a given semi-official statement did not take well, it was promptly denied, even if a high personage himself was originally responsible. To this the pressmen did not demur; many of them adored Roosevelt so that they would have forgiven him anything. He frequently commended them to their home offices when their work pleased him, and he did not often complain if it did not. There are cases of his asking for the recall of certain men because of their hostility; but these were the rare exceptions. More than that, Mr. Roosevelt was often generous and kind to the correspondents when they needed help, and was so under conditions which freed him from the suspicion of selfish motive.

A number of newspaper men Mr. Roosevelt appointed to office, and not only reporters, of course, but owners of newspapers like the late Mr. Whitelaw Reid. In this he has not been alone; every recent President has done the same, including Mr. Wilson. But Mr. Roosevelt probably appointed more Washington correspondents to office than any two Presidents. There was the late Francis E. Leupp, for instance. For more than twenty years the Washington correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," Mr. Leupp was proof against the glamor which pertains to every President until Mr. Roosevelt came in. He was intimate with Mr. Cleveland, and his extraordinary political knowledge and judgment won him the respect of all the occupants of the White House with whom he came into contact. Mr. Leupp had known Mr. Roosevelt well as Civil Service Commissioner. Yet he, too, succumbed to the fascination, lost his judicial poise, and finally yielded to the President's request to become Commissioner of Indian Affairs. This was not, of course, for the purpose of influencing Mr. Leupp, but because Mr. Leupp had made a life-long study of the Indian problem and was eminently fitted for the office. Yet the policy of choosing White House representatives for office is one which every American journalist who is jealous of the independence of his profession must oppose. In some cases Mr. Roosevelt wished to give easy berths to veterans who were ready to relinquish active newspaper work. At best, however, it is a species of corruption.

Never an article appeared about him in any important newspaper or magazine but Mr. Roosevelt seemed to see it. There was a young man in New York who, quite unexpectedly, had to take over a magazine for debt, and pleased himself for a time by playing at editor. One of the first articles to appear under his management was one which praised Mr. Roosevelt to the skies. It was hardly on sale before the editor received a profuse note of thanks from the President and an invitation to lunch at the White House the following week. When he got there he found a distinguished company to meet him, and one need hardly add that his loyalty to Mr. Roosevelt never wavered after an experience in which he played so delightful and conspicuous a rôle. But there were other friendships, more solidly based, which have survived the bitter factional fights of the following years. There is one of the correspondents who is as devoted to ornithology as was Mr. Roosevelt. To him frequently came summons to the White House, where he and the Chief Magistrate of the nation talked bird-lore until late at night. For the Colonel did not need much sleep, and kept up his many-sided interests in the most amazing way. He was an excellent executive officer, despatched the public business rapidly and effectively, and yet had time to see an extraordinary number of visitors, keep up his reading in a wide range of subjects, and take plenty of exercise. Under no other President have literature and the arts been so recognized. Still he always had time to see newspaper-men from near or far, and if there was no news for them, why

he created it by taking a five-barred fence, or going to the bottom of Oyster Bay in a submarine, or having a boxing match in the White House (the loss of the sight of an eye in one of these matches he successfully concealed until less than two years before he died).

Is it any wonder that the papers carried more news and gossip about this man than about any other President? He did things every day that no other President could have done without loss of dignity, and that no one of his predecessors would have dreamed of doing. In the interest of truth, however it must be said that the result of all this Press hero worship was that there was created a picture of a superman who did not really exist, and that this added to the popular disillusionment of later years. He was not a superman nor a creative statesman. He found a vast wave of popular dissatisfaction sweeping over the country, and by his skilful use of the press he became the leader of the movement and achieved some reforms—none fundamental, none that went to the heart of the problems that remain to vex America. Many of our worst political evils he left untouched. He probably did not himself realize how much harm he did to the press by the seductive power of his personality. The press, on the other hand, had no excuse for drawing the false picture of the man that it did, for there was quite enough that was attractive and picturesque about him without embroidery. He was intensely human, easy to analyze; he had much humor, and a striking way of putting his biting comments on men and things. The press comments upon his death show that many of the old, newspaper-created legends persist. Perhaps they will grow greater as time passes; perhaps some unbiased historian of the future will draw in the true portrait. He will go far afield, however, if he does not give much time to a study of Mr. Roosevelt in his relation to the newspapers and newspaper-men of his time, before he takes up his brush.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

Letters to the Editor.

THE PRESIDENT'S PEACE PROGRAMME.

SIR,—It is reported that a "person of importance" in New York has cabled to London that the American people do not support the peace programme of President Wilson, and that this statement is borne out by the results of the November election.

I believe that there is no truth behind either proposition. The American people, as a whole (certain interested elements, of course, excepted), do most emphatically support the President's efforts to make this the last war by removing war's causes. The downfall of the dynasties takes with it the tap-root of international war, and the rise of the principles and practice of democracy must accomplish the rest.

The late election had no bearing on this fact, although the President's appeal for support for his party, rather than for his policy, laid the matter open for misconstruction.

The small majority in Congress of the President's party—elected on other issues—has given place to a small Republican majority. But in most of the close districts, the result was determined mainly by the public impression of the personality of the candidates. In this (Santa Clara) district, for example, always solidly Republican, a Democrat was elected.

The President's foreign policy has never been a party matter, and is not likely to become so. In so far as any new reaction has set in, its effective causes lie in home policies. It is sufficient to suggest that the British "Dora" has a cousin in America, and that a new weapon may be unskilfully handled.

—Yours, &c.,

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Stanford University, California.

WORLD-CONSCIENCE IN AMERICA AND SWITZERLAND.

SIR,—Recent issues of the American Press give very full information of the movement which is following on Mr. Hoover's fine appeal to the "World-conscience" of his countrymen. His appeal, as is known, was read in every pulpit, inaugurating "Conservation" week. This week was devoted to a veritable mission; meetings were held throughout the country among all classes and sections. Sacrifices from their abundance was urged by speakers, official and unofficial. Full

facts of the conditions in Europe were placed before the people, and full information provided as to how this conservation, economy and sacrifice could best be obtained. An echo of this remarkable movement is reported by the Swiss papers as taking place in that country. All public voices, united and single, are urging upon that kind-hearted people the duty of organizing voluntary gifts of food, even from the slenderness of their resources.

Can this organized sacrifice be generally known in England? Our Press hardly reflects it, and no kindred movement seems to have arisen. The December number of our "National Food Journal" states that our sugar ration is shortly to be increased by 4 oz., and we read on the opposite page that the sugar allowance for the United States is to be "rigidly restricted" to 2 lbs. per month, or a trifle less than we at present enjoy. We have also been promised more margarine.

The question forces itself: Why are we to be thus petted and pampered? Is there not danger that we shall figure as the spoilt and greedy child at the "Common Table"? The spirit of sacrifice is not wanting in our people. It merely wants arousing and organizing. Mr. Hoover publishes a long list of countries—neutral, allied, and enemy—all in dire need, where famine is sweeping away the children.

Would not the vast majority in Great Britain welcome a proposal from our Food Controller for some general sacrifice such as the voluntary cession by adults of the extra quantities now promised might afford? It would be widely felt as a relief from the oppression of our present powerlessness to help, to offer such practical sympathy with the various European peoples and their children, from whose more poignant physical sufferings we have been wonderfully preserved.—Yours, &c.,

EMILY HOBHOUSE.

January 13th, 1919.

JUSTICE FOR CHINA.

SIR,—China has been universally praised as a peace-loving nation. Yet she has contributed her share in this war. Not a very large share, it must be admitted, but the insurmountable difficulties confronting her through the transformation of the type of government must be realized by everyone. What she has been and is still endeavouring to do is to put her own house in order. It is clearly her first duty to herself and to other countries to establish order and security within her borders. Her vast natural resources and her undeveloped industries will require foreign capital; and no capitalists, whether in Europe or in America, would like to invest their money in a country without a stable government.

The fight between the South and the North was a struggle between parliamentarism and militarism. After much bloodshed, militarism had to give way in the end. The result shows that China does not want to be militarized like Germany. Her fundamental aim is to maintain her peace-loving tradition. China's devotion to peace is also shown by her readiness to enter into arbitration agreements with other Powers. In September, 1914, China and the United States concluded, at Washington, a treaty for the advancement of peace. The two contracting States agreed to refer to an International Tribunal "any disputes of whatever nature they may be"; and on June 1st, 1915, China and Holland agreed that all differences that may arise between them should be referred to the permanent Court of Arbitration.

The question now is, what are the Powers prepared to do for China? For many years China has been the unhappy hunting ground for concession hunters, and she could get no redress against even the most unjust forms of exploitation. It is hoped that the Peace Conference at Paris will be the time and place for China to proclaim her sufferings and wrongs to the world. We all know the nemesis of wrongs left unredressed. Witness the case of Alsace and Lorraine. Let no representatives of nations overlook the importance of China. If a League of Nations can be actually formed to prevent any future wars, then China ought to be admitted on equal terms with other nations; and one of the functions of the League should be to secure justice for China. A stitch in time saves nine. Not only China, but the whole world, will be the better if the new gospel of the rights of nations is not only preached in the West but also practised in the East.—Yours, &c.,

M. C. JAME.

The London School of Economics, Kingsway, W.C. 2.

SCIENCE AND SPIRITUALISM.

SIR,—The trouble with all those who incessantly demand scientific investigation of spiritualism, is that they are too prejudiced or too indolent to read the scientific investigations which have already been made. Have your correspondents read Crookes's "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism"? What more do they ask than the experiments of this great scientific man, conducted under test conditions in his own laboratory with Dr. Huggins and Mr. Varley, two Fellows of the Royal Society, as assistants and witnesses. Is this not scientific investigation? Or the careful experiments of Professor Crawford, at Belfast, recounted in his "Reality of Psychical Phenomena"—are these not scientific? Or the report of the Dialectical Society—where is the scientific flaw in this? The fact is that there has been a long succession of such investigations, beginning with Professor Hare, in 1851, and that they have come to the only possible conclusion, that the phenomena are objective realities. It is impossible to deny all the false

statements which are made, but the assertion that Home was ever exposed during his thirty years of public unpaid mediumship, is absolutely untrue.—Yours, &c.,

A. CONAN DOYLE.

Windlesham Crowborough, Sussex.

SIR,—Mr. J. Reid Moir forgets that the presence of a single sceptic at any demonstration of the "occult" is fatal, because one strong-minded person is more than a match for a whole sky-full of departed souls; and it is no use, therefore, attempting anything before the Royal Society.

A few days ago there appeared, in one of our morning papers, an interesting account of what had been done on the West Coast of Africa, where Obi Amara had been present twice when ghosts were called up to give judgment in disputes; and, as one of our scientists has raised the spirits of one of his sons and one of his sons-in-law, I beg to suggest the appointment of a strong committee of believers who should be invited to obtain, in the interest of justice, evidence from Miss "Billie Carleton" for the "Cocaine" inquest.

No effort should be spared in this case, and I venture to propose the following experts:—Sir W. Crookes, Sir W. Barnett, Sir O. Lodge, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Mr. J. Arthur Hill, and Mrs. Barbara McKenzie, with the Right Hon. Gerald W. Balfour, V.P., of the Society for Psychical Research, as Chairman.

The importance of the subject is such that I make no apology for troubling you.—Yours, &c.,

WM. H. MASSEY.

INTERNATIONAL LAW.

SIR,—The letter of the late Attorney-General which you insert in a recent issue, quite clearly explains that International "Law" seeks to limit the wild instinct of self-defence by some humane rules, such as the rules of the Hague Conventions. We knew that; but my contention is that these rules do not get kept because International "Law" allows self-preservation as its final "law." The rules are kept in "fine weather," when they can easily be observed, but directly any national strain is felt, the instinct of self-preservation prevails in practice.

Hence there is no International "Law," no enforced rules, but only rules which strong States observe, if convenient to them.

(1) The Attorney-General, with due respect to his authority, seems to me to confuse moral and legal issues. He says "the indignation and protests of the civilised world would be all mistaken" if there were no "binding International rules." But the indignation would be quite justified on moral grounds. There are many things we morally condemn which are not legally unjustifiable: e.g., the acts of a "cad."

(2) The Attorney-General argues that since Germany's attack on Belgium was unprovoked, it cannot be justified as a deed for self-preservation. This surely is to forget Telegram 157 (August 4, 1914), when the German Foreign Secretary declared (rightly or wrongly) that the French would attack across Belgium if the Germans did not. (*Great Britain and the European Crisis*, Telegrams, p. 77.)

(3) The Attorney-General goes on to ask "Does Hall sanction . . . the indiscriminate slaughter of civilians"? No; but Germany is not alone in this outrage. I have before me a pile of newspaper cuttings from papers in the last three years up to one taken from a paper of December 21st, all showing that our blockade has meant the death of many German civilians. This is against the rules of contraband, which go back to Grotius' three lists, given in 1625.

(4) The Attorney-General says Hall justifies the British in seizing the Danish ships in 1807. Exactly; that is my contention—that International "Law" justifies outrages by allowing or not preventing the instinct of self-preservation to prevail in actual life! It is not "law," but only rules.

(5) If the Attorney-General prosecutes the Kaiser in a new Court, formed "after the event," he well may appeal to the International rules to prove the Kaiser has broken them, but I venture to say a *tu quoque* will come back upon him. The "enemy" will easily prove that England has broken the Declaration of Paris, 1856 (Article 2), which Westlake declared it was "not within England's power" legally to break (*International Law*, II. 145). England has, by her Proclamations on Contraband (which lie before me) broken the customs of contraband, and abolished the distinction between absolute and conditional contraband, on the pleas that German civilians helped the war, and the German Government controlled all food. They could say the same of us.

The English have broken the Hague Conventions VI. 3, and also the "Declarations" as to explosives from balloons and asphyxiating gases. In the case of the ship "Kat Wyk" England made a Proclamation on what was to be conditional contraband, made after the capture of the vessel, and then the Prize Court condemned its iron ore. On writing to the Treasury solicitors, I was informed that "the fact that a vessel is diverted to a British port for examination and search is not regarded as an equivalent of a seizure in prize." Could legal quibbling go further? It was all in self-defence.

There are other points where we have "sailed near the wind."

No one will envy the Attorney-General's task, then, in upholding rules when England herself has broken them; it will be a sad day for this country when that revelation is made.—Yours, &c.,

G. T. SADLER.

Poetry.

TWO POEMS BY A SOLDIER.

I.—DELVILLE WOOD.

(August, 1916.)

In Delville Wood he keeps high state,
King of corruption and of hate;
Enthroned in stench, with fevers fraught—
The man for whom the war was fought!

Yes; here he lies in all his fame,
Supreme in rottenness, his name;
The flesh, whom all the nations strive
To satisfy and to make live.

Here holds he revel in Delville Wood,
His mates around him in the mud;
Their antic members tossed about,
A strangely still and silent rout

Is this the man for us to serve,
Whose brilliant brain, whose tingling nerve
Fashioned a world that must have wars,
His human beasts, his women whores?

Aye! in the Christ he has no part,
Who dwells in Christly realms apart;
For only flesh from flesh can come,
Spirit must still be Spirit's home.

Then let him in his shell-hole stay
In unidentified decay;
His disc is lost—you cannot tell
Under what creed he lies in Hell.

Mort pour la Patrie? Nobly slain?
Au champs d'honneur, and not in vain?
Write rather—then you won't have lied—
In fear and ignorance he died.

And if perchance a tear you shed
For one so sadly, madly dead,
Know that the tears which Truth can wring
Are worth a nation's flattering.

II.—THE WORD.

THE thousand raptures and the dream
Of human life, which poets see,
Cannot surpass the eternal theme
Which speaks of Thee.

Though lovely be the sun, the wind,
The earth, the sky in starry vest,
The quiet and the humble mind
Is loveliest.

For hid behind each human part
That can with thought or feeling thrill,
Behind the brain, behind the heart,
Behind the will.

There dwells, mysterious, alone,
The word of life, the heavenly plan;
And moving all, unmoved, unknown,
It shepherds man.

And pastures him beside still streams,
Or in the upland meadow;
And like a lone star downward beams
Through Death's shadow.

GERALD WARRE CORNISH.

[Major Warre Cornish was killed in action.]

PELMANISM and DEMOBILISATION.

Sailors and Soldiers Preparing for Civil Life.

THOUSANDS OF ENROLMENTS FROM THE ARMY AND NAVY.

"PEACE, PELMANISM AND PROSPERITY."

ONE of the most striking phases of the Armistice period is the enormous demand for Pelmanism which has arisen among officers and men of the Navy and Army. The prospect of early demobilisation has forced upon them the necessity for earnest preparation if they are to achieve success upon resuming their civil occupation.

During the war Pelmanism was the topic in battle-ship, trench, barrack, and billet, and hundreds of thousands of men have been convinced of its practical value by the force of the personal example of their comrades.

Now, when time, in many cases, is hanging heavily on the hands of both officers and men, it is being readily recognised that the period until demobilisation cannot be more profitably employed than in the study of this wonderful system of mental training, whose students unanimously proclaim it the "Path to Prosperity."

The result is that enrolments are now literally pouring in from the Navy and Army. Since hostilities ceased the ranks of the Pelmanists have been swelled by many thousands of our gallant fighting men, who are determined to be efficiently equipped for the battle for a living that follows the laying down of the weapons of war.

In view of the "mental rust" which is the inevitable outcome of Naval and Military life, no man who hopes to resume a well-paid civilian occupation can afford to neglect Pelmanism—the system which beyond all doubt is the most effective means of fitting the mind of its students for the "great change over" and the individual "reconstruction" which is necessary to cope with its many problems.

All officers and men are invited to make the fullest investigation of the claims that are made on behalf of Pelmanism. "Mind and Memory," the publication which makes completely clear what Pelmanism is and what it achieves, is offered quite freely, and can be obtained by return post on application to the address given.

The following letters from Pelmanists have a definite bearing upon the question of resuming civil life, and will be read with interest, and, it is believed, with ultimate profit by many men who are looking forward to demobilisation:—

From an Assistant Paymaster, R.N.R.:—

"When I first took up the study of your system, I was in business enjoying regular hours, and having a home to go to each night. But in the meantime I have joined the R.N.R., and—as you can well imagine—the sea life does not always lend itself readily to any course of study. Hours are uncertain, quarters cramped, and the general conditions unfavourable. However, I will get on with the twelfth and last lesson, with all possible despatch. In passing—it may interest you to learn that 'Pelmanism' is one of the stock subjects of conversation in our mess, where a great interest in it is evinced upon all sides. For my part I never fail to recommend it to my fellow-officers, for I consider it a magnificent system, which has in my own case—in spite of the unfortunate spasmodic manner in which I have had to study it—considerably improved my mental capacity and enlarged

my mental horizon. I am expecting great things from it, when I am able once again to settle down to my normal vocation."

A Lieut.-Colonel, writes:—

"As military service is the most wonderfully effective method of obtaining an inefficient memory, it must be recognised and the results fought against if possible. Experience in France has taught me that not one in one thousand is retaining his powers of concentration, and all require the spur of excitement to make them do their work. Carrying this into civil life unchecked, we will be absolute failures. Make your arguments and system known to the Army. As they are saving the Empire now, give them the chance to prepare themselves for the war after the war."

An Air Mechanic, states:—

"I have gained self-confidence, increased my will-power, lost my reserve and crept out of my shell. I have discovered how to turn a dull, monotonous existence into a life of which every minute has its interests and ideas. And, like another of your military students, I have learned 'how to play the game.' I am much indebted to your system. It has pulled me out of a deadly rut which threatened to waste all my qualities by letting me run to seed."

A Chief Yeoman Signals, R.N., writes:—

"Have just started to regain my health and strength, and am pleased to say have started work in civil life at the bottom rung of the ladder, and thanks to the Pelman Course, in less than three weeks I have made the first step of advancement, and hope to continue. I may add that whilst I was called up I took on duties which practically doubled my income, and without my knowledge of the Pelman System I could not have carried on the same with ease and comfort."

The foregoing are typical of many thousands of letters received from men of every rank and rating of the Navy, Army, and R.A.F., and form conclusive evidence of the enormous value of a course of Pelmanism at the present juncture.

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the twelve lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course at a reduced fee, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of THE NATION who applies to The Pelman Institute, 97, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Overseas Addresses: 46-49, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Diary of a Dead Officer." Being the Papers of Arthur Graeme West. (Allen & Unwin. 5s. net.)
- ✓ "The Life of Lamartine." By H. Reimsen Whitehouse. Two vols. (Fisher Unwin. 42s. net.)
- "The Origin and Evolution of Life." By Dr. Osborn (Columbia University). (Bell. 25s. net.)
- "Vagabonding down the Andes." By Harry A. Franck. Illustrated. (Fisher Unwin. 25s. net.)

WHY it should be assumed that a writer who fills such a page as this must be as loaded with a knowledge of books as old lumber is with dust, I cannot see. But it seems to be one of the general notions. For me, I read only for fun, to see if it can be got, and drop the book, however important, if I cannot find it. I don't know the year of Chaucer's death, nor how many times the word "damn" is mentioned in Dickens's novels, nor who was the original of Meredith's "Diana," nor what Carlyle called his wife when she flung "Sartor" across the room. And I don't really feel that I want to be told. If I had Sir Thomas Browne's skull I should give it away at once. If I had a first-folio Shakespeare I regret to say I should consult Messrs. Sotherton about it pretty soon, though not at once. When professors of literature discuss at length Sterne's dirtiness and Swift's inhumanity, it does not seem learned to me, but silly. If one could create anything half so good as "Drum Taps" about this war, or make a few generally recognizable and corrective descriptions of Yahoos, or still men's minds with a few words on a Grecian urn, then it would be worth while dropping all else, and concentrating. But other interest in literature—anyhow, when its relationship to literature is no better than association—seems to me only adding dust to antiquity.

A FEW days ago I met an American officer at lunch, who got really formidable when he learned that I had a chance relationship with books. It was in Fleet Street. There was no escape. I heard about a particular public-house. He quoted, word for word, a long passage from "A Tale of Two Cities," showing how Sydney Carton took various turnings near Fetter Lane (all recognized) till he arrived at this very public-house. Such enthusiasm is admirable, but embarrassing. In return, I enquired after some young American poets, whose work, seldom seen here, interests me a great deal, and I named their volumes. He had never heard of their work. This enthusiast for letters did not know their names, and did not even appear to understand that his was unforgivable ignorance, seeing that he knew more than a native about our literary taverns. Had he been an Englishman, and a friend of mine, I should have told him that I thought his love of letters was cant as pure as the curate's who speaks in a trembling bass about changes in the divorce laws, but can accept wholesale murder without altering the usual benedictory smile.

THE world of letters can do without such enthusiasm. It has nothing to do with its life, any more than those great works on Pure Thought we hear so much about. As for those last, let us remember all the noble volumes on philosophy and metaphysics we ought to have read, to learn how wonderfully far our brains have taken us beyond the Thing of Pilt-down; and then remember what the *Somme* looked like, and buy a teetotum instead. That much is saved. Now we need not read them. If we feel ourselves weakening towards that sort of idleness, let us spin tops. If we had to choose between Garvice and, say, Hegel or Locke, for a niche in the Temple of Letters, we should make an unintelligible blunder if we did not elect Mr. Garvice without discussion. He is human and the philosophers are only disturbing and perverting with revelations of morbid deformity. The philosophers are like the great statesmen and the great soldiers; we should be happier without them. If we are not happy and enjoying life, then we have missed the only reason for it.

It is the same with books. If we do not enjoy them, they are useless to us. It is true, and must be admitted, that some may get pleasure from searching novels for solecisms, and collecting evidence by which shall be guessed the originals of the novelist's characters, just as others get fun out of fretwork. But bookworming has no more to do with literature, even when it engages a learned doctor in the Bodleian, than flies in a dairy with our milk supply. If most of the books in the British Museum were destroyed, we might still have a friend who would go with us to Amiens to get one more dinner in a well-remembered room, and drink to the ghosts; we might still, from the top of Lundy at dusk, watch the dim seas break into bright lilac around the Shutter Rock, while the unseen kittiwakes were voices from the past; and we might still see Miss Muffet tip-toe on a June morning to smell the first red rose. That is what we look for in books, or something like it, and when it is not there they are not books to us.

AND now, as Whitman would, let us contradict ourselves by showing that some of the books in which this fun is found are not books at all. What about Wilcocks, for instance, on "Sea Fishing"? They who are experts at the game look upon this book as a classic; but when we found our copy, second-hand, in a box outside a Devon bookshop, we did not know Wilcocks, but we liked the blue of his cover, and his curious diagrams were fine. Now we find his "Sea Fishing" is winter reading, especially reading for such a winter as this, which can do much for us. Quite properly, the author does all he can to persuade his readers to go to the West Coast for the best fishing. He tells them that large bass are to be got from Hartland Point, and how many gurnards and whiting he himself got in one day's fishing on the grounds off Fowey. You are not with him long before you can feel the boat's thwart hot and dry under your hand in the sun, and overside, two fathoms deep, glimmers a constellation of jelly fish, as though the sea were only a denser air, the boat soaring and sweeping at its buoyant ease midway between the clouds and the rocks; while the earth, which we have left, is but a distant colored phantom. Yeo's voice from the tiller is quiet, for we have left the world, and are adrift in the silence which has never been broken. All very well to talk of sunset; but does the light of such a day as that ever go out?

I WOULD surrender a number of volumes of verse before I would let Wilcocks go. Or H. C. Folkard, on "The Sailing Boat"—another relic from a bookstall. This book also has an appropriate cover of ultramarine. As this work was written in the days of the China clippers, when there were plenty of sailors about, his discussion on the varieties of design and rig, and their suitability for the changing circumstances of our coasts, is done with an authority, modest quiet and confident, though full of judicious qualifications because of his wide knowledge, which is awe-inspiring to a reader to-day, who is quite used to seeing a modern nobody, ignorant of history, offer, in complete assurance, to settle even the destiny of Europe for two generations, while no one wonders at his cheek. But when you venture to advise the ignorant on the management of a sailing boat, you are bound to remember that the ignorant, when fooling with winds and tides, may get drowned. The section of Mr. Folkard's book which most appeals to me is that in which he reviews foreign small boats. He pays a just tribute, in a whole chapter with diagrams, to the Flying Proas of the Ladrões. He moves in and out of the Eastern Archipelago, with many engravings, showing us prahus, Sulu canoes, paduakans of Celebes, corocoras of the Moluccas, Dyak war boats, bancas, and saraboas. We get further east to the Pacific, and we learn how it is (or used to be) done among the Samoans, the Tonga Islanders, and about all the dots and atolls of the South Seas to the Galapagos. It is no good telling me that I should be nearer to literature in reading Thackeray, to count the number of times women shed tears in his pages, or something of that sort; I prefer looking at pictures of South Sea canoes. It is the same thing—idling pleasantly.

H. M. T.

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 Edited by EDITH J. MORLEY. Modern Language Texts.
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So little is Edward Young read in these days that we have almost forgotten how wide was his influence in the eighteenth century. It was not merely that he was popular in England, where his satires, "The Love of Fame, the Universal Passion," are said to have made him £3,000. He was also a power on the Continent. His "Night Thoughts" was translated not only into all the major languages but into Portuguese, Swedish, and Magyar. It was adopted as one of the heralds of the romantic movement in France. Even his "Conjectures on Original Composition," written in 1759 in the form of a letter to Samuel Richardson, earned in foreign countries a fame that has lasted till our own day. A new edition of the German translation was published at Bonn so recently as 1910. In England there is no famous author more assiduously neglected. Not so much as a line is quoted from him in "The Oxford Book of English Verse." We have turned up a fairly full anthology of eighteenth-century verse only to find that though it has room for Mallet and Ambrose Philips and Picken, Young has not been allowed to contribute a purple patch even five lines long. The present writer looks round his own shelves, and they tell the same story. Small enough poets stand there in shivering neglect. Akenside, Churchill, and Parnell have all been thought worth keeping. But not on the coldest, topmost shelf has space been found for Young. He scarcely survives even in popular quotations. The copy-books have perpetuated one line:—

"Procrastination is the thief of time."

Apart from that, "Night Thoughts" have been swallowed up in an eternal night.

And certainly a study of the titles of his works will not encourage the average reader to go to him in search of treasures of the imagination. At the age of thirty, in 1713, he wrote a "Poem on the Last Day," which he dedicated to Queen Anne. In the following year he wrote "The Force of Religion, or Vanquish'd Love," a poem about Lady Jane Grey, which he dedicated to the Countess of Salisbury. And no sooner was Queen Anne dead than he made haste to salute the rising sun in an epistle "On the Late Queen's Death and His Majesty's Accession to the Throne." Passing over a number of years, we find him, in 1730, publishing a so-called Pindaric ode, "Imperium Pelagi; a Naval Lyric," in the preface to which he declares with characteristic italics: "*Trade is a very noble subject in itself; more proper than any for an Englishman; and particularly seasonable at this juncture.*" Add to this that he was the son of a dean, that he married the daughter of an earl, and that, other means of advancement having failed, he became a clergyman at the age of between forty and fifty; and the suggested portrait is that of a prudent hanger-on rather than a fiery man of genius. His prudence was rewarded with a pension of £200 a year, a Royal Chaplaincy, and the position (after George III.'s accession) of Clerk of the Closet to the Princess Dowager. In the opinion of Young himself, who lived till the age of 82, the reward was inadequate. At the age of 79, however, he had conquered his disappointment to a sufficient degree to write a poem on "Resignation."

Readers who, after a hasty glance at his biography, are inclined to look satirically on Young as a time-server, oily with the mediocrity of self-help, will have a pleasant surprise if they read his "Conjectures on Original Composition" for the first time. It is a bold and masculine essay on literary criticism, written in a style of quite brilliant, if old-fashioned, rhetoric. Mrs. Thrale said of it: "In the 'Conjectures upon Original Composition' . . . we shall perhaps read the wittiest piece of prose our whole language has to boast; yet from its over twinkling, it seems too little gazed at and too little admired perhaps." This is an exaggerated estimate. Dr. Johnson, who heard Young read the "Conjectures" at Richardson's house, said that "he was surprised to find Young receive as novelties what he thought very common maxims." If one tempers Mrs. Thrale's enthusiasm and Dr. Johnson's

scorn, one will have a fairly just idea of the quality of Young's book.

It is simply a shot fired with a good aim in the eternal war between authority and liberty in literature. This is a controversy for which, were men wise, there would be no need. We require in literature both the authority of tradition and the liberty of genius to such new conquests. Unfortunately, we cannot agree as to the proportions in which each of them is required. The French exaggerated the importance of tradition, and so gave us the classical drama of Racine and Corneille. Walt Whitman exaggerated the importance of liberty, and so gave us "Leaves of Grass." In nearly all periods of literary energy, we find writers rushing to one or other of these extremes. Either they declare that the classics are perfect and cannot be surpassed but only imitated; or, like the Futurists, they want to burn the classics and release the spirit of man for new adventures. It is all a prolonged duel between reaction and revolution, and the wise man of genius doing his best, like a Liberal, to bring the two opponents to terms.

Much of the interest of Young's book is due to the fact that in an age of reaction he came out on the revolutionary side. There was seldom a time at which the classics were more slavishly idolised and imitated. Miss Morley quotes from Pope the saying that "all that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the ancients." Young threw all his eloquence on the opposite side. He uttered the bold paradox: "The less we copy the renowned ancients, we shall resemble them the more." "Become a noble collateral," he advised, "not a humble descendant from them. Let us build our compositions in the spirit, and in the taste, of the ancients, but not with their materials. Thus will they resemble the structures of Pericles at Athens, which Plutarch commends for having had an air or antiquity as soon as they were built." He refuses to believe that the moderns are necessarily inferior to the ancients. If they are inferior, it is because they plagiarize from the ancients instead of emulating them. "If ancients and moderns," he declares, "were no longer considered as masters and pupils, but as hard-matched rivals for renown, then moderns, by the longevity of their labors, might one day become ancients themselves."

He deplores the fact that Pope should have been so content to indenture his genius to the work of translation and imitation:—

"Though we stand much obliged to him for giving us an Homer, yet had he doubled our obligation by giving us—a Pope. He had a strong imagination and the true sublime? That granted, we might have had two Homers instead of one, if longer had been his life; for I heard the dying swan talk over an epic plan a few weeks before his decease."

For ourselves, we hold that Pope showed himself to be as original as needs be in his epistles to Martha Blount and Dr. Arbuthnot. None the less, the general philosophy of Young's remarks is sound enough. We should reverence tradition in literature, but not superstitiously. Too much awe of the old masters may easily scare a modern into hiding his talent in a napkin. True, we are not in much danger of servitude to tradition in literature to-day. We no longer imitate the ancients; we only imitate each other. On the whole, we wish there was rather more sense of the tradition in contemporary writing. The danger of arbitrary egoism is quite as great as the danger of classicism. Luckily, Young, in stating the case against the classicists, has at the same time stated perfectly the case for familiarity with the classics. "It is," he declares, "by a sort of noble contagion, from a general familiarity with their writings, and not by any particular sordid theft, that we can be the better for those who went before us." However we may deride a servile classicism, we should always set out assuming the necessity of the "noble contagion for every man of letters."

The truth is, the man of letters must in some way reconcile himself to the paradox that he is at once the acolyte and the rival of the ancients. Young is optimistic enough to believe that it is possible to surpass them. In the mechanic arts, he complains, men are always attempting to go beyond their predecessors; in the liberal arts, they merely try to follow them. The analogy between the continuous advance of science and a possible continuous advance in literature is, perhaps, a misleading one. Professor Gilbert Murray in "Religio Grammatici" bases much of his argument on a denial that such an analogy should be drawn. Literary

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genius cannot be bequeathed and added to as a scientific discovery can. The modern poet does not stand on Shakespeare's shoulders as the modern astronomer stands on Galileo's shoulders. Scientific discovery is progressive. Literary genius, like religious genius, is a miracle less dependent on time. None the less, we may reasonably believe that literature, like science, has ever new worlds to conquer—that, even if Æschylus and Shakespeare cannot be surpassed, names as great as theirs may one day be added to the roll of literary fame. And this will be possible only if men in each generation are determined, in the words of Goldsmith, "bravely to shake off admiration, and, undazzled by the splendor of another's reputation, to chalk out a path to fame for themselves, and boldly cultivate untried experiment." Goldsmith wrote these words in "The Bee" in the same year in which Young's "Conjectures" was published. We feel certain that he wrote them as a result of reading Young's work. The reaction against traditionalism, however, was gathering general force by this time, and the desire to be original was beginning to oust the desire to copy. Both Young's and Goldsmith's Essays are exceedingly interesting as anticipations of the romantic movement. Young was a true romantic when he wrote that Nature "brings us into the world all Originals—no two faces, no two minds, are just alike; but all bear evident marks of separation on them. Born Originals, how comes it to pass that we are Copies?" Genius, he thinks, is commoner than is sometimes supposed, if we would make use of it. His book is a plea for giving genius its head. He wants to see the modern writer, instead of tilling an exhausted soil, staking out a claim in the perfectly virgin field of his own experience. He cannot teach you to be a man of genius; he could not even teach himself to be one. But at least he lays down many of the right rules for the use of genius. His book marks a most interesting stage in the development of English literary criticism.

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WE believe that when we are old and we turn back to look among the ruins with which our memory will be strewn for the evidence of life which disaster could not kill, we shall find it in the poems of Edward Thomas. They will appear like the faint, indelible writing of a palimpsest over which in our hours of exaltation and bitterness more resonant, yet less enduring, words were inscribed; or they will be like a phial discovered in the ashes of what was once a mighty city. There will be the triumphal arch standing proudly; the very tombs of the dead will seem to share their monumental magnificence. Yet we will turn from them all, from the victory and sorrow alike, to this faintly gleaming bubble of glass that will hold captive the phantasm of a fragrance of the soul. By it some dumb and doubtful knowledge will be evoked to tremble on the dim edge of our minds. We shall reach back, under its spell, beyond the larger impulses of a resolution and a resignation which will have become a part of history, to something less solid and more permanent over which they passed and which they did not disturb.

Our consciousness will have its record. The tradition of England in battle has its testimony; our less traditional despairs will be compassed about by a crowd of witnesses. But it might so nearly have been in vain that we should have sought an echo of that which smiled at the conclusions of our consciousness. The subtler faiths might so easily have fled through our harsh fingers. When the sound of the bugles died, having crowned reveillé with the equal challenge of the last post, how easily we might have been persuaded that there was a silence, if there had not been one whose voice was only so little above that of the winds and trees and the life of undertone we share with them as to make us first doubt the silence and then lend an ear to the incessant pulses of which it is composed. The infinite and infinitesimal vague happinesses and immaterial alarms, terrors and beauties scared by the sound of speech, memories and forgettings that the touch of memory itself crumbles into dust—this very texture of the life of the soul might have been a grey background over which tumultuous existence passed unheeding had

not Edward Thomas so painfully sought the angle from which it is near, by the age of eternity, as the enduring warp of the more gorgeous woof.

The emphasis sinks; the stresses droop away. To exacter knowledge less charted and less conquerable certainties succeed; truths that somehow we cannot make into truths, and that have therefore some strange mastery over us; laws of our common substance which we cannot make human but only humanize; loyalties we do not recognise and dare not disregard; beauties which deny communion with our beautiful and yet compel our souls. So the sedge-warbler's

"Song that lacks all words, all melody,
All sweetness almost, was dearer then to me
Than sweetest voice that sings in tune sweet words."

Not that the unheard melodies are sweeter than the heard to this dead poet. We should be less confident of his immortality if he had not been, both in his knowledge and his hesitations, the child of his age. Because he was this, the melodies were heard; but they were not sweet. They made the soul sensible of attachments deeper than the conscious mind's ideals, whether of beauty or goodness. Not to something above but to something beyond are we chained, for all that we forget our fetters, or by some queer trick of self-hallucination turn them into golden crowns. But perhaps the finer task of our humanity is to turn our eyes calmly into "the dark backward and abysm" not of time, but of the eternal present on whose pinnacle we stand.

"I have mislaid the key. I sniff the spray
And think of nothing; I see and hear nothing;
Yet seem, too, to be listening, lying in wait
For what I should, yet never can, remember.
No garden appears, no path, no child beside,
Neither father nor mother, nor any playmate;
Only an avenue, dark, nameless without end."

So, it seems, a hundred years have found us out. We come no longer trailing clouds of glory. We are that which we are, less and more than our strong ancestors; less, in that our heritage does not descend from on high, more, in that we know ourselves for less. Yet our chosen spirit is not wholly secure in his courage. He longs not merely to know in what undifferentiated oneness his roots take their rise, but to discover it beautiful. Not even yet is it sufficient to have a premonition of the truth, but the truth must wear a familiar colour.

"This heart, some fraction of me, happily
Floats through the window even now to a tree
Down in the misting, dim-lit, quiet vale,
Not like a peewit that returns to wait
For something it has lost, but like a dove
That starts unswerving to its home and love,
There I find my rest, and through the dark air
Flies what yet lives in me. Beauty is there."

Beauty, yes, perhaps; but beautiful by virtue of its coincidence with the truth, as there is beauty in those lines clearer and stronger far than the melody of their cadence, because they tell of a loyalty of man's being which, being once made sensible of it, he cannot gainsay. Whence we all come, whither we must all make our journey, there is home indeed. But necessity, not remembered delights, draw us thither. That which we must obey is our father if we will; but let us not delude ourselves into the expectation of kindness and the fatted calf, any more than we dare believe that the love which moves the sun and the other stars has in it any charity. We may be, we are, the children of the universe; but we have "neither father nor mother nor any playmate."

And Edward Thomas knew this. The knowledge should be the common property of the poetry of our time, marking it off from what went before and from what will come after. We believe that it will be found to be so; and that the presence of this knowledge, and the quality which this knowledge imparts, makes Edward Thomas more than one among his contemporaries. He is their chief. He challenges other regions in the hinterland of our souls. Yet how shall we describe the narrowness of the line which divides his province from theirs, or the only half-conscious subtlety of the gesture with which he beckons us aside from trodden and familiar paths? The difference, the sense of departure, is perhaps most apparent in this, that he knows his beauty is not beautiful, and his home no home at all.

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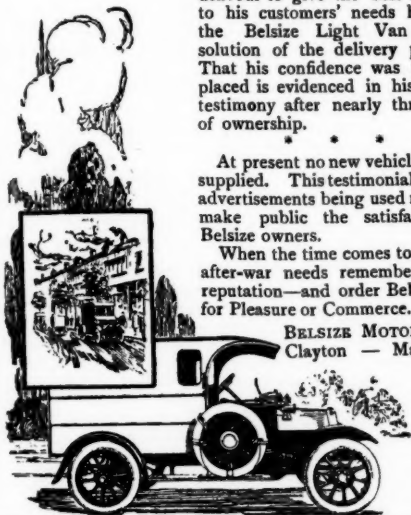
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"This is my grief. That land,
My home, I have never seen.
No traveller tells of it,
However far he has been.

"And could I discover it
I fear my happiness there,
Or my pain, might be dreams of return
To the things that were."

Great poetry stands in this, that it expresses man's allegiance to his destiny. In every age the great poet triumphs in all that he knows of necessity; thus he is the world made vocal. Other generations of men may know more, but their increased knowledge will not diminish from the magnificence of the music which he has made for the spheres. The known truth alters from age to age; but the thrill of the recognition of the truth stands fast for all our human eternity. Year by year the universe grows vaster, and man, by virtue of the growing brightness of his little lamp, sees himself more and more as a child born in the midst of a dark forest, and finds himself less able to claim the obeisance of the all. Yet if he would be a poet, and not a harper of threadbare tunes, he must at each step in the downward path from his supremacy, recognize what is and celebrate it as what must be. Thus he regains, by another path, the supremacy which he has forsaken.

Edward Thomas's poetry has the virtue of this recognition. It may be said that his universe was not vaster but smaller than the universe of the past, for its bounds were largely those of his own self. It is, even in material fact, but half true. None more closely than he regarded the living things of earth in all their quarters. "After Rain" is, for instance, a very catalogue of the texture of nature's visible garment, freshly put on, down to the little ash-leaves

"... thinly spread
In the road, like little black fish, inlaid
As if they played."

But it is true that these objects of vision were but the occasion of the more profound discoveries within the region of his own soul. There he discovered vastness and illimitable vistas; found himself to be an eddy in the universal flux, driven whence and whither he knew not, conscious of perpetual instability, the meeting place of mighty impacts of which only the furthest ripple agitates the steady moonbeam of the waking wind. In a sense he did no more than to state what he found, sometimes in the more familiar language of beauties lost, mourned for lost, and irrecoverable.

"The simple lack
Of her is more to me
Than other's presence,
Whether life splendid be
Or utter black.

"I have not seen,
I have no news of her;
I can tell only
She is not here, but there
She might have been.

"She is to be kissed
Only perhaps by me;
She may be seeking
Me and no other; she
May not exist."

That search lies nearer to the norm of poetry. We might register its wistfulness, praise the appealing nakedness of its diction and pass on. If that were indeed the culmination of Edward Thomas's poetical quest, he would stand securely enough with others of his time. But he reaches further. In the verses on his "home," which we have already quoted, he passes beyond these limits. He has still more to tell of the experience of the soul fronting its own infinity:

"So memory made
Parting to-day a double pain:
First because it was parting; next
Because the ill it ended vexed
And mocked me from the past again.

Not as what had been remedied
Had I gone on,—not that, ah no!
But as itself no longer woe.

There speaks a deep desire born only of deep knowledge. Only those who have been struck to the heart by the realization of the incessant not-being which is all we hold of being, long to arrest the movement even at the price of the per-

petuation of their pain. So it was moments which seemed to come to him free from the infirmity of becoming which haunted and held him most.

"Often I had gone this way before,
But now it seemed I never could be
And never had been anywhere else."

To cheat the course of time, which is only the name with which we strive to cheat the flux of things, and to anchor the soul to something that was not instantly engulfed

"In the undefiled
Abyss of what can never be again."

Sometimes he looked within himself for the monition which men feel as the voice of the eternal memory; sometimes, like Keats, but with none of the intoxication of Keats's sense of victory, he grasped at the recurrence of natural things, "the pure thrush word," repeated every spring, the law of wheeling rooks, or to the wind "that was old when the gods were young," as in this profoundly typical sensing of "A New House."

"All was foretold me; naught
Could I foresee;
But I learned how the wind would sound
After these things should be."

But he could not rest even there. There was, indeed, no anchorage in the enduring to be found by one so keenly aware of the flux within the soul itself. The most powerful, the most sternly imagined poem in this book is entitled, "The Other," which, apart from its intrinsic appeal, shows that Edward Thomas had something at least of the power to create the myth which is poetry's essential means of triangulating the unknown. Had he lived to perfect himself in the use of this instrument he might have been a great poet indeed. "The Other" tells of his pursuit of himself, and how he overtook his soul.

"And now I dare not follow after
Too close. I try to keep in sight,
Dreading his frown and worse his laughter.
I steal out of the wood to light;
I see the swift shoot from the rafter
By the window: ere I alight
I wait and hear the starlings wheeze
And nibble like ducks: I wait his flight.
He goes: I follow: no release
Until he ceases. Then I also shall cease."

No; not a great poet, will be the final sentence, when the palimpsest is read with the calm, intense attention that is its due, but one who had many (and among them the chief) of the qualities of a great poet. Edward Thomas was like a musician who noted down themes that summon up forgotten expectations. Whether the power to work them out to the limits of their scope and implication was in him we do not know. The life of literature was a hard master to him; and perhaps the opportunity he would eagerly have grasped was denied him by circumstance. But, if his compositions do not, his themes will never fail—of so much we are sure—to awaken unsuspected echoes even in unsuspecting minds.

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No modern novelist arouses more wrath in the orthodox critic than Mr. Cannan. Indeed, he constantly and amusingly pays him the elaborate compliment of oburgation, so that if Mr. Cannan were a vain man, he must think himself by now the very Bolshevik of a fellow. But sympathy with Mr. Cannan's attitude and convictions by no means follows a primrose path in his company. Passing over his allegiance to satire, than whom no modern has less native capacity, his work, in spite of its fine intellectual qualities, logical power and sincerity, lacks warmth and flexibility. Perhaps he is too consciously an intellectual, perhaps he sees more than he feels, or his ideas are struck out of too hard a mentality, or the fairies left out lightness and humor from his natal literary equipment—whatever it be, the least captious critic has to work through a good deal of stubborn, gritty exterior, before he can feel any identity between what Mr.

BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS (EASTERN) LTD.

26th ANNUAL MEETING, 15th JANUARY, 1919.

Statement by the Chairman, Sir Jesse Boot, Bart., Managing Director.

A Record of Continued Success.

STABILITY OF SHARES—VALUABLE WAR SERVICE—ANTI-GAS WARFARE: A PREGNANT CHAPTER IN HISTORY—FINANCIAL FALLACIES CORRECTED—EXCESS PROFITS ARE NOT EXCESSIVE PROFITS—NATIONAL WORK DONE WITHOUT REMUNERATION—EXTENSION OF CHEMICAL MANUFACTURES A NATIONAL ASSET—TRIBUTE TO EMPLOYEES—OUTLOOK EXCELLENT.

The 26th Ordinary General Meeting of Boots Cash Chemists (Eastern) Ltd. was held on the 15th inst. at the Midland Grand Hotel, St. Pancras, Sir Jesse Boot, Bart., J.P., Chairman and Managing Director, presiding.

The Chairman said:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—To-day is the 26th Annual Meeting of our Company, and I am thankful to Providence that I have been able to attend them all. Last year our meeting was necessarily delayed; this year circumstances have made an even longer postponement unavoidable. You are familiar with some of our difficulties. On the one hand military requirements have continued to reduce our personnel, so that a total of 4,000 men have now been taken for active service from our various Companies, and, on the other hand, the depleted staff at headquarters has had to cope with increasingly heavy Government demands for various important supplies and services. Pressure has also been added by the serious epidemic of influenza, so that the past year has indeed been one of unparalleled strain, and in some of the less essential matters it has not been possible to follow our regular course. We have, in these circumstances, felt it wise to attend to first things first, and to defer for a time reports and meetings as of less immediate importance. The delay in this connection is not a serious matter at all, for our ample reserves permit the timely distribution of dividends without waiting for the Annual Meeting. I had felt, too, that affairs in general might perhaps become more settled, and that possibly a number of our staff might have returned from military service to assist us in the activities we have in prospect. This hope, however, has not yet been realised, and consequently I cannot speak so definitely as I would have liked of our future policy.

Steady Trading Progress, Stability of the Shares.

I am, though, privileged to lay before you accounts which show steady progress in trading, and a Balance Sheet which must be satisfactory to all our shareholders. As always in the history of our Company, we have aimed at making our shares stable for investment purposes rather than a medium for speculation—to preserve an even keel, so to say—and I congratulate our shareholders on the steadiness their shares have shown. It is true that in common with all other securities they were for a time affected by the large amount of Government bonds placed on the market, but on the whole they have maintained their equilibrium splendidly. A glance at the report discloses a very adequate reason for this stability. As a result of past successful trading and prudent management through a long series of years, we have in hand large reserves of every description; and one point observed in the report worthy of special emphasis is that the carry-over alone (£21,048 19s. 6d.) is adequate to meet a full year's dividends upon all shares, for which, including 12½ per cent. upon the ordinary shares, a sum of £21,000 is needed. This is indeed a gratifying state of affairs, as showing in most conclusive fashion the extraordinary financial strength of the Company.

Moreover, while I am able to speak so favourably of the past year, I look forward with confidence to our future business. Our service is well established and of proved utility, and with the return of our old assistants, various developments and extensions will be carried out such as to confirm us more than ever in popular favour, and to strengthen still more the position of the Company.

Record of Prosperity Remains Uninterrupted.

The Eastern is the oldest of Boots Companies, and its territory is more fully covered than the districts served by the other Companies. Still, as I have remarked on previous occasions, most of our shareholders in the Eastern have holdings in these other Companies, and they will therefore be glad of a general survey of policy and progress. Happily, in every case, the record is one of uninterrupted prosperity. New branches have been opened at Portsmouth and Plymouth, which are already meeting with warm public appreciation; and throughout the whole country the accomplishments and prospects of our branches are highly encouraging.

WORTHY RECORD OF WAR SERVICE.

I wish to make special reference to the war work performed by our parent Company—Boots Pure Drug Company Limited. It is a class of work which by God's grace we shall never again be called upon to undertake, but I think what we have done well worthy of record. Not only am I proud of the help we were able to give to the medical man and the pharmacist, whose services, both on the field and at home, it would be impossible to rate too highly; I reflect with deep feeling upon the part we have played in protecting our men from the most atrocious of all the enemy's weapons—poison gas. You have all heard of Col. E. F. Harrison, Controller of the Chemical Warfare Department, for on his recent death some part of his work was made public. But for his knowledge and skill, and

his unremitting devotion to duty, the courage and mettle of our youth might have been in vain when the inhuman use of poison gases was made. He gave his life to his country, and I humbly add my tribute leaf to his wreath of laurel.

In its early stages the use of poison gas was met by the simple respirator of cotton wool and crêpe chemically treated. As it developed, however, a better protection became necessary, and the flannel helmet was evolved. This in turn proved useless against the more horrible ingenuities perpetrated by the perverted scientists of the enemy; indeed, it was worse than useless, it was a positive danger, for our gallant fellows "carried on," trusting to it in circumstances in which it was totally inefficient. Something further had to be done; science was pitted against diabolism, and science won through Col. Harrison and his devoted colleagues, who produced in the box respirator a sure defence against the poison gases of our foes.

British Science beats the German Poison Gases.

It is a thrilling and pregnant chapter in the history of the war. Col. Harrison visited us at Nottingham, and I need hardly say that our resources and assistance were freely placed at his service. For some months he collaborated with our research staff, and the fruit of this co-operation was a chemical product which seemed likely to defy the most evil possibilities of our opponents. Then came the crucial test—the only sure test; a trial not under laboratory conditions, but on the actual field; and with a confidence tempered by natural anxiety this test was made. It was successful—completely so: the box respirator furnished with this product beat the poison gases. Within a short time it was in use by the million.

We were requested to undertake without delay the manufacture of this new respirator on a large scale. Our scientific staff had given their best endeavours during the preliminary period of research, and their assistance was continued in improving and perfecting the processes involved. Now our manufacturing organisation engaged diligently in giving wide practical effect to the life-saving discovery. Our best chemists, engineers, and organisers united in planning a factory with the most efficient equipment for continuous manufacture under the most skilful direction.

Work of the utmost Nicety and Precision.

The preparation of the respirators may be divided into two parts: the making of the necessary chemicals, and the filling and assembling of the respirators. The work throughout calls for the utmost nicety and precision, for the product must withstand the severest tests, and must be as carefully finished as the soldier's rifle. It was found essential to have the chemicals in such form as to be entirely free from dust or powder, otherwise minute particles getting into the respirator valves would leave an orifice—a very tiny orifice indeed, but yet enough to permit the entrance of sufficient gas to prove fatal. To meet this requirement we prepared the chemicals as granules of an exact specified uniformity. The granule making was originally done by hand, but our experts speedily evolved mechanical devices which performed the work much more expeditiously.

For several months we were the sole manufacturers of the box respirator, but finally the demand developed so enormously that we had to seek relief to prevent a serious dislocation of our general business. This was the situation. We have 600 branches throughout the country. They are perfectly equipped and are one and all engaged in a medical service highly necessary to the public. Even all this must inevitably have been sacrificed had no other plan been possible, but other firms had workers who had been engaged upon the manufacture of the flannel helmet which the new respirator had superseded. Consequently we asked the authorities to supply some of our chemical granules to these firms, so that they might assist in the filling and assembling. At the same time we helped these auxiliaries in every possible way to establish the system and methods which were such an acknowledged success at our own factory. It is well at this point to note that, in proportion to the number of people we engaged upon it, our output of work was consistently superior to that of any other firm. You will all hear with pride, I feel sure, that we manufactured almost the whole of the chemicals for the twenty million box respirators made, and actually delivered seven and three-quarter millions of the respirators complete for the use of the British, American, and Italian Forces. You will agree with me that ours was no mean achievement, but one which our Shareholders and our Companies may view with satisfaction.

FINANCIAL FALLACIES CORRECTED.

Now, I mean to refer to financial matters, and I hope to correct some popular misapprehensions about profiteering. It

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Cannan believes and what he expresses. "Money," exclaims one of the characters, in "Mummery," "that is the secret of the whole criminal business. Money controls art. Money rejects art. Money's a sensitive thing, too. It rejects force, spontaneity, originality. It wants repetition, immutability, things calculable." It is all quite true but it is not a secret, and even if it were, it is not impressively disclosed. Whatever the truth and courage of such announcements, Mr. Cannan, we feel, has not found a way with him in revealing them. And this defect, one of insensibility to poetry and subtlety, if it does not actually mar the force and perception of Mr. Cannan's criticisms of society, undoubtedly compromises his personal appeal to the reader. It is no doubt our fault: we have a rooted prejudice that those who are on the side of the angels should speak somewhat with their tongues.

We should have been better able to appreciate Mr. Cannan's new novel of the theatre, had it been sent out entire and with the pages consecutively arranged by the publisher. With twenty of them omitted altogether, and many others duplicated and in the wrong order, it is easier to do justice to Mr. Cannan's intention than his achievement. "Mummery" is a very sharp and shrewd attack upon the modern decorative stage with Sir Henry Butcher, whose prototype in the actual world it would not be difficult to guess, as the leading sinner. All that portion of the book which deals with the "Imperium" theatre—Sir Henry's ruthless exploitation of his own personality, his wife who regards the theatre as an annexe to Mayfair, the total lack of unity in representation, and of a corporate spirit among the actors, the lavish pantomiming of Shakespeare, the machining of spectacle perfected by the ulterior motive behind the scenes and greedily absorbed by an insensitive audience, the external, expensive showmanship of the whole thing and its pitiless sacrifice of the true spirit of art—all this is remarkably effective and precise, based no doubt on actual observation and sustained by an indignation that gives an unwonted ease and volition to Mr. Cannan's rather angular style. The heroine, Clara Day, who acts Ariel in the "Imperium's" production of the "Tempest," and gives up the Charles Mann (a clever portrait of the type of artist imaged by the average colonel) for the playwright, Adnor Rodd, whose plays no manager will produce—is happily conceived in bits. She is sometimes a real woman, that is to say, and sometimes a symbol of womanhood in revolt. But Adnor Rodd, Mr. Cannan's *beau idéal* of insurgent reality, is as flat a failure as is to be met with in all the books which have ever mentioned the Café Royal. Rodd, indeed, is not a human being, but a commodity for supply to all those novelists who conceive the artist as a kind of Byron shorn both of his romance and self-advertisement. Mr. Cannan was never more sterile, naive, and second-hand than in his choice of Rodd as his standard-bearer. Yet, in patches, "Mummery" is a brilliant and scathing picture of the modern social theatre, much superior in workmanship to the formless and episodic welter of "Mendel." Had it been a short story, centring solely round the "Imperium" and its meretricious doings, it should have been a work of art.

"Where Your Treasure is," describes a middle-aged woman's passion for precious stones, both for their own sake and a particularly grasping means to a livelihood. Miss Harraden's description of the fluctuations of these mutually hostile absorptions has plenty of clarity and insight. But there are no supports in the book to give Tamar Scott's rather original psychology its due weight and proportion. It is a one-woman novel and Tamar it not so nourishing a mental food that she can carry us through 250 pages without a change of diet. And her conversion to altruism through the war is conventionalized, though the author's pictures of the Belgian refugees and the measures for relieving them is vivid enough to suggest the faithful record of personal experience. If not of great distinction, Miss Harraden's novel is sound and workmanlike.

"The Curious Friends" are a band of romping children and adults with a secret society for amusing themselves with charades and Blind Man's Buff and Hide-and-Seek, &c. At least, that is what it comes to, and it is not, in consequence, very amusing for us. We can, in fact, imagine only one thing worse than irritating Mr. Bernard Shaw, and that is imitating Sir J. M. Barrie (Peter Pan). Still, we have no doubt that this novel will be widely read and appreciated.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Sister Matty and Company." By ROBERT HOLMES. (Blackwood. 6s.)

MR. HOLMES has not written a disquisition on the nature of criminology. He prefers to treat the mixed lot he, as a missionary, has met in gaols and police-courts, as human beings. He even calls them his friends. We confess to a preference for Mr. Holmes over Lombroso. For the past twenty years he has, as a sort of spare-time occupation, tried to help some 300 ex-convicts to a better road. Much of the material was hopeless from the start, and Mr. Holmes knew it, but that did not deter him from experiment. In the flesh most of these characters would not appeal to us as an engaging lot, but Mr. Holmes has a skill in telling of their adventures which holds the attention.

The Week in the City.

WHETHER on account of the unrest in the Army, or under the stimulus of the more rapid demobilization of the American and Italian troops, it is evident that at last the Government has got a move on, and that the pace of demobilization is being quickened. This is, at any rate, satisfactory, for it must mean in the end reduction of expenditure and an increase in the earning power of the country. The official figures show that expenditure since the armistice has been heavier than before the armistice was signed, which alone is quite enough to explain the absence of any general upward movement in the Stock Markets. The strangest feature is, perhaps, the rise in the French Loans; for no one has yet been able to explain how, after the war, France will be able to raise in taxes the interest on its enormous debt. It is easier to understand the recovery in Russian issues, now that a beginning has been made in the direction of substituting diplomatic for military action in Russia.

BANK DIVIDENDS.

The dividend announcements of nearly all the leading Joint Stock Banks are now available, and a number of reports have been issued. Several increases are made, and no decreases, so that the year 1918 may be said to have marked an increase in banking prosperity. Dividend rates for the full year, as completed by the final announcements, are compared below with rates for the preceding year. Where the figures are complicated by the amalgamations that have taken place during the year, explanation will be found below:—

Banks.	Dividend for		Yield at	
	1917	1918	Latest Div.	and Price.
	Per cent.	Per cent.	£ s. d.	
Barclay's Bank, A.	10	10	5	4 9
B.	20	20	5	14 3
Halifax Commercial	9	10	6	18 0
Lancashire and Yorkshire	17½	18	5	6 3
London, Joint City and Midland	18	20	5	10 9
London County, Westminster and Parrs	19	20	5	4 6
Manchester and Liverpool District	17½	17 11-12	5	5 3
Munster and Leinster	16½	17½	4	6 9
National Provincial and Union of England	16	16	5	6 9
Sheffield Banking	16	16	5	18 3
Union of Manchester	18 2-11	20	5	15 9
West Yorkshire	13½	15	6	0 0
Williams, Deacon's	14	14 13-16	4	16 9
Lloyds'	18½	20	5	10 4
Discount Houses.				
Alexander's Discount	12	13	—	3
National Discount	11	11½	7	8 3
Union Discount	14	14	5	19 3

Last year the City and Midland paid 18 per cent., and the Joint Stock, which it has now absorbed, 10 per cent. The County and Westminster last year, before the absorption of Parr's, paid 19 per cent., and increase this distribution by 1 per cent. in respect of 1918. A year ago the National Provincial paid the same dividend that they now announce for 1918, while the Union Bank, which during the year they have absorbed, paid 10 per cent. Alexander's Discount Company (who have just changed their name from Alexanders & Co.) add a bonus of 1s. per share to their 1917 distribution. Lloyds, Union of Manchester, Munster and Leinster, Halifax Commercial, Lancashire and Yorkshire, West Yorkshire, and Williams, Deacon's are all paying higher rates. Bank Chairmen's speeches at the imminent meetings will be looked forward to this year with more than usual interest, for opportunity will, no doubt, be taken to express highly important opinions on the step to be taken to restore the gold standard and replace British finance upon a peace footing.

LUCCELLUM.

is quite a general opinion that what the Tax Authorities style "Excess Profits" are really excessive profits, but I think that people of liberal ideas will be surprised to learn the percentages we have received upon our labours. We have, of course, been busy in maintaining our general business, which is of such a nature that in the public interest it cannot be neglected. Everything beyond this became subject to excess profits taxation. Our additional activities naturally increased our returns just as everyone would expect. There was, consequently, increased profit, and though it was in no sense abnormal or excessive in percentage, it was treated as "Excess Profits."

We offered, indeed, to carry out war work for a profit of 2½ per cent. free of excess profits tax. What we actually received—there can be no harm in mentioning it—was 8 per cent. in some cases and 10 per cent. in others: both subject to the tax. Now I want the workers to realise clearly the net result for us. Eighty-five pounds out of every hundred was returned to the State in taxes, so that we retained for ourselves profits of only 1.5 per cent. and 1½ per cent. respectively, or—to illustrate the case more pointedly—we got 3d. or 3½d. in the pound. That is to say, we managed important business, working with care and anxiety night and day, and paid out 19s. 8½d. or 19s. 9d. on labour, materials and other charges, before we received each sovereign in return.

Big Gross Profits: Small Net Benefits.

Sometimes gross profits may seem large: they must be when it is necessary to provide for the excess profits tax. For instance, on one occasion when we were invited to undertake a special manufacture, I asked an expert in these matters how we could make a profit on it. You may find his reply illuminating. "For every shilling of profit you need," said he, "you must charge the Department five shillings: then the Government will get four shillings and more back from you in taxation." In these circumstances we have become virtually tax collectors for the Government.

We do not grumble at all, for we have felt it a privilege to be of assistance to our country, but it is only fair to show clearly that we have received nothing in the way of excessive profits. I am not so foolish as to say that no firms have profited during the war. Some, it seems, have received special benefits, such as exemption from excess profits taxation, and some have taken advantage of the country's needs. I am sure, though, that we are not the only people who have not made profits the sole consideration. We did the work with a good will and with a sense of pride, but thousands of our regular helpers being absent on active service, we carried it through only at the expense in many directions of the business at our 600 branches throughout the country. Valued customers of long standing have had to go short. We ask their indulgence, assured that they will excuse the inconvenience in view of this explanation; and we beg them to bear with us a little longer until a more complete return to former conditions enables us to give them our old-time service more fully.

Free Service on National Work.

I am reluctant to leave this subject without explaining that during the last nine months of the war we actually carried out the work of respirator filling at cost price, without a penny of profit. Our shareholders will commend this, I know, and they will join in my gratification at the receipt of a handsome letter of acknowledgment from the Chemical Warfare Department.

The Home Industry in Fine Chemicals.

As you were advised at the last Annual Meeting, our building programme was in arrears at the outbreak of war, for our business had far outgrown our accommodation. Necessity then arose for the production at home of fine chemicals which were previously manufactured only in Germany. Apart from the special Saccharin Department, to which subsequent reference will be made, these new needs called for the speedy erection of five additional blocks of buildings and a power-house also, as the Nottingham Corporation were unable to meet our power requirements. The idea is prevalent in some quarters that these were paid for by the Government. It is a totally erroneous idea, for the one single advantage we enjoyed was that we were allowed to purchase building materials at a time when these were controlled by the Government and when only building work of national importance was permitted. We paid for these materials ourselves, of course, at the inflated market price then current.

Last year I explained in considerable detail the value of our chemical manufactures to Boots Companies and to the country. We can now congratulate ourselves on the extensive developments of the past twelve months. Our equipment is being gradually perfected, and our experts are so employing it, and their own skill, as to enable us to supply increasing quantities of valuable products which the Pharmacist has hitherto found difficulty in obtaining. Our independence of Germany grows more fully manifest; and one feature of particular advantage is the reduction in prices which we may with confidence anticipate when normal conditions return.

You heard a year ago of our large output of Aspirin, Phenacetin, Atropine, etc., as well as of such marvellous sanative agents as the Chloramine Antiseptics, and Proflavine and Acriflavine. You will now be interested to learn that during the war campaign we provided one hundred and fifteen million sterilising tablets to save our troops from the dread danger of poisoned drinking water. I fear that a full list of all our new products would prove tedious to you, but I may mention that in the market and at trade and technical exhibitions their excellence has won for them an eminent reputation. Truly our manufacture of drugs

and synthetic chemicals constitutes a valuable addition to the therapeutic resources of the country and a notable national asset.

THE PRODUCTION OF SACCHARINE.

I now propose to deal with the production of Saccharin; and at the outset I may mention that during the shortage of sugar our contribution to national needs was a quantity of saccharin equivalent to no less than one thousand seven hundred and eighty-five million tablets, through which—even apart from the timely convenience—the country's finances benefited to the extent of nearly half a million pounds sterling in revenue charges. It should be borne in mind that prior to the war all the saccharin used in this country was of foreign production, and that the foreign producer had the advantage over us of thirty years' experience. Originally our intention was to set up plant for this manufacture on a comparatively modest scale, but when we made application for supplies of Toluene—a controlled substance necessary in the manufacture—the Government urged us to undertake production on a much more extensive plan. We did this amid difficulties almost incredible. Proper plant was unobtainable, and so our own chemical and engineering staffs had to co-operate in designing and making special equipment. Those Socialists who advocate the complete immediate nationalisation of trade and industry may have our assurance of the need for private and individual energy when the uncorrelated functions of various Government departments are frequently overlapping and sometimes mutually obstructive. On the one hand the Sugar Commission urged the work upon us and endeavoured to afford us every facility, while we for our part were most anxious to comply with their wishes. At the same time the action of another Department was holding us back under the threat of heavy penalties. Skilled engineers left us for other national work, and for many weeks we were not permitted to replace them. Only after personal interviews and the most urgent entreaties and telegrams were we allowed to engage a few of the necessary helpers: the official embargo, indeed, was never removed. However, we attained our end finally, and after the heavy initial difficulties under which we did much work, we have established the manufacture of saccharin of the highest quality on a large scale.

I ought to explain that the whole of our production of saccharin has gone to the Government, who have distributed it to tablet makers throughout the country, and that we, the producers, have as retailers received an allocation of only a small portion of the saccharin we manufactured. This has affected us in the following way. Although our production was very large, we could not supply the total quantity needed, and the output of other producers at home was small, so that supplementary supplies had to be imported. The saccharin manufactured at home was under control, affording only a comparatively small profit. That from abroad was not so controlled, consequently it brought huge prices and profits. Our allocation each week was snapped up by our customers within an hour, and we felt ourselves morally obliged to refrain from buying and selling saccharin of foreign production, so that no one could possibly imagine that we were selling, as high-priced foreign saccharin, that made at home and subject to the controlled price.

Post-war Prospects of Saccharin Manufacture.

A few remarks as to the prospects of Saccharin manufacture after the war will be appropriate. Strong endeavours have been made to create a prejudice against the use of this product; they have been traced to interested parties such as sugar cultivators and manufacturers. It is true that saccharin is without nutritive value, and so it is not recommended as a substitute for sugar in feeding children. The highest medical authorities are, however, fully agreed that it is perfectly innocuous and has no effect whatever on metabolism. It is therefore useful for general sweetening purposes, and has a special value in the case of those subject to adiposity. With the removal of the rationing orders, moreover, many quite healthy people receiving sufficient nourishment from other foods, and conscious that they are benefited by abstinence from sugar, will take advantage of the sweetening properties of saccharin.

I do not wish the following remarks to be misunderstood. I am personally a convinced free trader, and my remarks will have no bearing on the principle of tariffs. Manufacturers were strongly urged by the Government to undertake the production of saccharin to assist the country. Great time and thought were devoted by highly skilled men to the manufacture, and much money was also invested in it. Before the processes were fully established, and the manufacturers reimbursed, the circumstances became less urgent—and very happily so. Now the foreign stocks, which accumulated under the impetus given to foreign manufacture through unrestricted prices, threaten to swamp the market; and the home producer, who as yet has had no time to overcome all the difficulties of new work under extraordinarily adverse conditions, will have to compete in a market where saccharin will be offered at unremunerative prices. It does seem to me that in these circumstances the Government might reasonably give some encouragement to a business largely undertaken to assist them, until its infancy is past, and until business conditions generally resume their normal course. This is the more necessary in view of the fact that in connection with the home manufacture of saccharin certain conditions have to be imposed for revenue purposes, and these involve an extra cost to which the imported product is not subjected.

Excellent Employees, Excellent Prospects.

I rejoice that our organisation, our resources and our experience were of national service during the war; and it is a satisfaction to know that they are such as to be of no

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less value to the country and the people in reconstruction and in peace. I am aware of how much all this is due to the services of my fellow directors and the loyal co-operation of our employees in general, and in particular to the Chemist Managers at our branches. To each and all I tender sincere thanks. No workers could have been more severely tested than ours were during the prolonged epidemic of influenza. The strain was without precedent. I may mention, for example, that at the request of the Medical Officer of Health, five of our Edinburgh branches remained open until midnight. Long queues of people waited with prescriptions. Everywhere our assistants rendered both the public and the firm a most devoted service, and did so regardless of their own comfort or even of their own health. Whenever an overworked member of the staff was absent through indisposition, the rest unflinchingly shouldered an extra burden. We have been able to make material acknowledgment of this devotion, but the only adequate compensation is the knowledge each member has of work well done. Such a spirit among the employees at our branches has been one of the factors of our past success, and will contribute to the still wider utility which lies before us; and believe me we shall not be found waiting in the phase of reconstruction and development upon which the country is now entering.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have pleasure in moving that the accounts and appropriation of the profits, as recommended by the directors, be hereby approved and adopted.

Mr. J. T. Hilder, seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously.

The chairman proposed the re-election of Captain J. C. Boot as a director. This was seconded by Mr. T. S. Radcliffe, and unanimously agreed to.

On the motion of Mr. A. N. Bromley, seconded by Mr. E. S. Waring, Messrs. Sharpe, Parsons and Co. were re-appointed auditors.

MR. PARSONS'S SPEECH.

Mr. G. C. T. PARSONS, in acknowledging the re-election of his firm, said:—Sir Jesse, it has been quite an education to listen to your address. One hardly realised that your company has been doing such important national work, and yet at the same time has been carrying on its ordinary business. I think you, sir, and the directors, and all the members of the staff, are entitled to very warm congratulations that you have been able through this trying time to carry on the business so effectively, and so efficiently to help the country in its time of need. It has been usual for me, when I have acknowledged the re-election of my firm in previous years, to go into questions of finance to some extent, but we have such a monotony of prosperity in this company that there is nothing new to say. I feel that my position is very much the same as that of a man who is trying to prove the value of Consols. Among gilt-edged securities Consols are readily accepted without any further explanation, and I have come to look upon this company as occupying very much the same position in regard to industrials. You have a company which goes on with a good record year by year, and during times which might have upset many less strong companies, this company has been able to carry through, and make even a greater success than last year.

LADY BOOT'S SERVICES ON THE BOARD.

I do not think that the financial part of the business requires further consideration—it is self-evident—but I do want to refer to a personal matter, if I may. There has been nothing said about it at the meeting, but I notice that, while last year the directors were yourself, sir, Captain Boot, and Mr. Waring, now we have another director, Lady Boot—(hear, hear)—and I hope the shareholders will give Lady Boot a very warm welcome to this board. (Hear, hear.) The fact of Lady Boot having joined the board reminds me of a romance that happened many years ago—a romance which it is always pleasant to me to remember; in fact, I regard it as one of the "tit-bits" of my professional life. Out of that romance our chairman found what the good old Book calls a "helpmeet" for him. Now, it would be impossible for those who are not acquainted with the inner working of the business to know how great Lady Boot's help has been to our chairman in all the work which he has undertaken. I make bold to say that but for Lady Boot's fostering care I do not think our chairman could have faced and carried on as successfully as he has done through the very strenuous and difficult times he has had to meet, and here we have the pleasure of having Sir Jesse still with us with great vigour and perpetual cheerfulness, and a great part of it due, in my judgment, to the help which Lady Boot has given him. Therefore, I feel that it should be no empty compliment to welcome Lady Boot on this board. She is really of great help to the company, and I hope that her reception as a director, though, I understand, she is not to come up for re-election, will be very warm. (Hear, hear.)

Before I sit down I should also like to acknowledge what comes to my notice in the course of our audit—that is, the excellent way in which the secretarial work is carried through by our old friend, Mr. Milne—the skill that he puts into it and the literary power—and also the great excellence with which the books are kept under the presidency of Mr. Radcliffe, and Mr. Gillespie, the resident accountant. Our audit must at all times be one of great responsibility, but the books are presented to us in such a complete and correct way that it reduces our responsibility to a minimum, and I feel personally very greatly indebted to those three gentlemen for the admirable way in which the books and records are laid before us. (Cheers.)

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